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THE  
FALL OF  
TARQUIN,

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Vet. Acc. e. 638

Bl. Sobell

TARQUIN, or



THE  
FALL OF  
TARQUIN:

OR, THE  
DISTRESSD LOVERS.

A  
TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted

By His Grace the Duke of NORFOLK's Servants.

AT  
Merchant Taylors Hall in York.

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Written by a Gentleman of YORK.

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*Vincit Amor Patriæ.*

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NEWCASTLE upon TINE,  
Printed by John White, for Will. Fieldhouse and Rob. Pearson:  
MDCCLXIII.

TOP  
OF  
TARQUIN

CHURCH

GEORGE

TOLENT  
1891

...

...

...



THE  
PREFACE.

**T**HE Author of this *PLAT* being a Gentleman well known in York, and in a considerable Post in the Government, it was impatiently expected for some time before it appeared there upon the Stage, and then it did not fail of meeting with success. We shall not pretend to give the Piece a Character, since we may very reasonably believe it will meet with a just Approbation from the Judicious. The Copy being generously given, we can't in Gratitude do less than to Publish it, especially in a Place where the Company have met with so good Encouragement, therefore we take this Opportunity of paying a thankful acknowledgement for the favourable Gift, it having been so bountifully bestowed, and hope it will meet with a Candid reception, which is as much as will compleat the Expectations of

Tours, &c.

A

THE



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THE  
PROLOUGE.

Written by a Gentleman of YORK.

Spoken by Mr. Fieldhouse.

**W**HEN Rome, or Older Carthage is the Scene,  
EITHER a subject for a Generous Pen;  
This made our POET in his first Essay,  
Make Tarquin's Fall, the subject of his Play.  
Fierce Romulus, Religious Numa too,  
Hostilius, who the Albans overthrew,  
And a great many more he pusses by,  
First Founders of the Roman Monarchy:  
Their vast Exploits, he durst not venture on,  
Hiring yet surceasted Helicon,  
Nor yet adopted for Apollo's Son.  
But says his MUSE inspired was spite,  
When he a Tyrants Fall began to write:

## **The PROLOGUE**

So with a just Satyrick Rage led on,  
Lashes the Vices of a Lustful Throne,  
Altho' his Love for Monarchy is known;  
His chiefest Zeal being thereto always bent,  
As nearest to the Heavenly Government;  
Wherefore you'll find that still his Pointed Sting,  
Aims at the Tyrant, never at the King.  
Where Monarchs Justly Rule, and mildly Sway,  
The willing Nations Joyfully Obey,  
Like Soul and Body mutually combin'd,  
The one performs what th' other has enjoyn'd.  
Thus ANN, Majestick on the British Throne,  
Unites a Tripple Empire into One;  
Transporting Smiles Triumphant on her Face,  
From all Her Neighbouring Kings does Discord chase,  
And with a Nod, She Awes the Jaring World to Peace.

**Dramatis**

# **DRAMATIS PERSONAE.**

## **M E N.**

|                   |                                 |                        |
|-------------------|---------------------------------|------------------------|
| <b>Tarquin,</b>   | <b>King of Rome.</b>            | <b>Mr. Fieldhouse.</b> |
| <b>Sextus,</b>    | <b>} His Sons.</b>              | <b>Mr. Charles.</b>    |
| <b>Titus,</b>     |                                 | <b>Mr. Cole.</b>       |
| <b>Horatius,</b>  | <b>} Young Discontented</b>     | <b>Mr. Vanderbank.</b> |
| <b>Herminius,</b> |                                 | <b>Mr. Dapwell.</b>    |
| <b>Noblemen.</b>  |                                 | <b>Mr. Bright.</b>     |
| <b>Clelius,</b>   | <b>Father of Clelia.</b>        | <b>Mr. Ager.</b>       |
| <b>Collatine,</b> | <b>Husband to Lucretia.</b>     |                        |
| <b>Aronces,</b>   | <b>Son of Porfenna, King of</b> | <b>} Mr. Pearson.</b>  |
| <b>Clusium,</b>   | <b>in Love with Clelia.</b>     |                        |
| <b>Brutus.</b>    |                                 | <b>Mr. Horden.</b>     |
| <b>Amilcar,</b>   | <b>Friend to Aronces.</b>       | <b>Mr. Dancey.</b>     |
| <b>Valerius.</b>  |                                 |                        |
| <b>Celeres.</b>   |                                 |                        |
| <b>Officer.</b>   |                                 |                        |

## **W O M E N.**

|                                             |                           |
|---------------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| <b>Tullia, Queen of Rome.</b>               | <b>Mrs. Pearson.</b>      |
| <b>Clelia, Daughter to Clelius, in Love</b> | <b>} Mrs. Vanderbank.</b> |
| <b>with Aronces.</b>                        |                           |

**Priestesses to Apollo, Attendants, Guards, &c.**

## **S C E N E R O M E.**



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THE  
FALL OF  
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ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Walk by the River Tiber.*

*Enter Horatius and Herminius.*

*Hor.*



NOT that I fear the fiercest of his Frowns,  
The wrinkled Furrows of his angry Brow  
May sooner strike whole Armies into dread  
Than touch *Horatius* Soul, but to be thus  
Basely scorn'd, insulted o're by *Tarquin's*  
(*Son,*

Proud as his Father, as his Father cruel,  
By him to be revil'd, ye Gods! 'tis more  
Than *Romans* ought to bear.

*Herm.* And thus to hear  
Our Countries mournful Genius nearly touch'd,  
Nay deeply wounded in its dying Liberties,  
And see in Dungeons Virtue lye, loaded  
And fetter'd with remorseless Chains, so deep,

B

That

**The Fall of Tarquin, &c.**

That sighing sorrows cannot reach our Ears;  
But buried in those vaulted Hollows,  
Strike the damp sides of the relenting Caves,  
And still rebound with Ecchoes to themselves:  
It pierces me so much I can no more ———

*Hor.* How can we think that once our Fathers liv'd,  
And see him live, by whose curst hand they fell?  
Him who is now contriving our destruction;  
'Twas *Brutus* said, that we with him must fall,  
And Mad-men too may sometimes speak the Truth:  
'Tis very hard; but where's the remedy?  
No room, *Herminius*! for a brave Revenge.

*Herm.* True, *Horatius*, but we are defenceless,  
And open lye, to every blasting Frown,  
So universal is the Tyrant's Power,  
None breath in *Rome*, but own his Deity,  
Own him the God, to whom they owe their Being.

*Hor.* But rather than meanly fall beneath the  
Grandeur of a *Roman* Soul, bravely I'll meet  
The fatal Hour, and end it on my Sword:  
But say *Herminius*, is the Rumour true  
Which steals in whispers thro' the *Roman* Court?  
Be that but true, there, there, I'll meet my fate.

*Herm.* Then meet it there, *Horatius*, read that, (Gives  
And fly, fly eagerly to Arms, (him a Paper,  
With manly Resolution grasp thy Sword;  
Read that, you'll find the noble *Clelius* there.

*Hor.* (Reads.) Almost discover'd in the generous task,  
Yet I'll surprize the Palace unawares,  
And drag the Tyrant to a just Revenge.

And is't thus? then here's a brave Opportunity  
To serve our Country in the Noblest way:  
Now you have wak'd the slumb'ring of my Soul,  
My drowsy Vertue's rows'd; no longer she  
Shall lye in an unthinking Lethargy:  
My dear *Herminius*! I have often thought  
On the sad State of *Rome*, as often griev'd,



*The Fall of Tarquin, &c.*

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I lost my Father in my tender Years,  
Early divided from my imprison'd  
Mother, and bred in *Tarquin's* Court,  
Where my vex'd Soul did Nat'rally disdain,  
The proud insults of *Tarquin's* Children ;  
Still with my Years my growing Hate encreas'd,  
And now a Nobler Scorn has rais'd my Soul  
Above the cruel Pride of *Tarquin's* Frowns,  
Now my *Herminius* ! Now shall the Tyrant see,  
What injur'd Virtue, back'd by *Roman* Arms,  
For all his Power, what Wonders 'twill atchieve.

*Herm.* Twill be a Pious Meritorious Treason,  
To drive the bloody Tyrant from his Throne.

*Enter Clelius.*

*Clel.* How can it be? is there such Vertue left?  
Let me Embrace you, wear you at my Heart?

*Hor.* H h, *Clelius* ! the Gods have sure agreed,  
That the brave *Clelius* shall succeed  
In this his great and generous Work for *Rome*:  
Oh ! I'm already in the Noble Action,  
Thus let's part, and when you give the Alarm,  
And the Palace in an amaz'd confusion,  
We'll give you Entrance at the *Western-Gate*,  
And join your Forces with the Royal Guards.

*Clel.* Then let's away, and if our Arms shall fail,  
Rather than fall into the Tyrant's Pow'r,  
I'll give my Sword these poor Remains of Life.

*Herm.* Let's instantly about the great Design,  
Yours be the Glory, and the Danger mine. (*Exeunt severally.*)

SCENE II. *A Royal Chamber.*

*Tarquin and Tullia seated on a Throne, Titus, Guards, &c.*

*Tarq.* A Soul like mine shoots on beyond delays,  
Quick as my Thoughts, and Noble as my Mind



*The Fall of Tarquin, &c.*

Are all my Actions steer'd ; Death hew'd the way,  
 Blood was our reaking Pavement to the Throne,  
 Rome's self did shake, dull Nature stood amaz'd,  
 And Num'rous Crowds did tremble at our Name;  
 And when our peaceful, harmless Fathers fell,  
 The astonish'd Senate pale with horror,  
 Fled to the Guardian Altars of the Gods,  
 And to those Gods we sacrific'd their Blood,  
 The surest, Noblest Cement of a Throne.

*Tull.* 'Twas Hero-like to have a ravish'd Crown,  
 Streaming with Blood, and gorgeously beset  
 With Royal Deaths, such are the glorious Jewels  
 That adorn a Hero's Diadem.

*Tarq.* Oh, my Virago !

*(Comes from his Throne.)*

*Juno, Bellona*, to thy Mars and Jove,  
 Tell me, my Goddess, are Ten Thousand Lives  
 More than the quiet safety of our Throne ?  
 All those shall in one Ruin surely fall,  
 Who dare oppose the growing of our Pow'r.

*Tull.* Bravely resolv'd, By my Soul it is,  
 Spoke like your God-like self, those Words,  
 With manly Courage warm my Female Breast,  
 Drive Pity thence, that Female Darling Pity :  
 Methinks already I with Joy behold,  
 My steady Arms courageously imbru'd,  
 In a large sea of bleeding Traitors Gore :  
 Now to remove the chiefest of our Fears,  
*Horatius* and *Herminius* I'll secure,  
 I've sent already, and expect 'em here ;  
 The Youths are brave indeed, beyond their years,  
 And by their late Deportment I suspect  
 Some Discontent is breeding, and Revenge  
 May prompt their daring Courage to attempt  
 Some bolder Enterprize, 'tis the best way  
 To nip 'em in the Bud, before Experience  
 Can direct their Pow'r, they are too well belov'd.

*The Fall of Tarquin, &c.*

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*Tarq.* Therefore I can't resolve till they're secur'd,  
I know they are belov'd, nay doated on  
By the remains of the unthinking Senate.

*Tull.* Rather than be disturb'd with the least fear,  
At once strike home, and reach them all.

*Tit.* The attempt may prove too dangerous and rash,  
Once use the People with an Headstrong fury,  
I know they'll Envy, and they'll hate your Pow'r.

*Tull.* Let 'em hate on, if while they hate they fear,  
Crowns got by Arms, by Arms must be maintain'd.

*Tit.* But you must have some fair pretence at least,  
To shade your purpose from the prying World;  
On Monarchs Actions thousand Eyes are fix'd,  
You must be sure to guild your black designs,  
That they appear all bright to the gazing People,  
For if they find a blemish in Your Sun,  
They'll think the darken'd Meteor does portend  
Some dire event, and Arm for their defence.

*Tarq.* Well then their Banishment shall serve,  
And that's resolv'd.

*Tull.* Let 'em be but remov'd,  
I ask no more, see here they come;  
How boldly they approach, we must retire.

*(Exeunt Tullia and Titus)*

*Enter Horatius and Herminius, with their Swords drawn, surrounded with Guards.*

*Hor.* Go bind your Slaves; for we are ever free,  
*Tarquin* ne'er think we will so meekly fall,  
No, we're thus far prepar'd, and scorn to dye  
Beneath our dignity, thus in our own,  
We will our Fathers Deaths Revenge,  
Slain by thy Hand.

*Tarq.* 'Tis neither Time nor Place  
For Insolence, I shall not answer Boys,  
Disarm 'em Guards, if ye resist ye dye,



*The Fall of Tarquin, &c.*

*Herm.* Our Infancy has born thy Yoke too long,  
But now our riper years disdain thy Pow'r.

*Hor.* That's nobly spoke *Herminius*, yes, we'll dye,  
And *Tarquin* know, our Vertues shall out shine,  
Shall in the closing of our Fate obscure  
The brightest Pomp thy shining Court can boast.

*Tarq.* Guards seize 'em, and force their Swords,  
Dye so you shall, but when and how I please.

*Hor.* Not so, this Hand by Heav'n is decreed ———

*Tarq.* To work its own destruction ——— (*They fight,*  
*Horatius and Herminius are disarm'd.*

*Hor.* Curse on our niggard Stars;  
Base Villains! why so sparing of your blows?  
Could you not make one thrust and pierce my Soul?  
*Tarquin*, dost think we'll basely beg our Lives?  
Say we've offended, on our Knees implore  
Thy Pardon, no *Tarquin*, we'd rather dye.

*Tarq.* If you so earnestly desire to dye,  
Then Death you'll swallow with a pleasing Gust,  
No, you shall live, shall live, but not in *Rome*,  
Shall live to see me flourish on the Throne.

*Herm.* Rather than live, we will deserve our Deaths,  
Tho' thou secure us in thy strongest Holds,  
We'll Think by Day, and Dream Revenge by Night.

*Tarq.* Your Doom's resolved, too gentle for your Crimes,  
Hence from my sight, and into Exile ever.

(*Exit Tarquin and Guards,*

*Hor.* Ah *Rome*! We mourn thy Fate, and grieve to see,  
Such numerous Throngs of Crowding Miseries,  
Ready to plunge and crush thee into ruin:  
These sad Idea's vex my panting Soul,  
Degen'rate Prince! so meanly to deny us Death,  
Oh *Clelius*! now my Thoughts return to thee,  
We cannot help thee in this great design.

*Herm.* We can't indeed the Powers above forbid,  
But since th' Reflection on our Countries Cause  
Does strike our spirits with racking Tortures,

And



*The Fall of Tarquin, &c.*

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And instigate more than a thousand Deaths,  
Let us at once lament Her fate and dye,

*Hor.* No, my *Herminius*, yet I know not why, *(Pausing.*  
Why we shou'd live in this Tormenting state,  
And yet I heard, but am not sure I heard  
A Voice that whisper'd, live *Horatius*, live,  
Sure 'twas our Countries Genius bad me live,  
I take the Inspiration on my Knees ! *(In a Transport.*

Kneel, kneel, *Herminius*, rise, and we will live,  
And see the Tyrant tumbled from his Throne,  
Ask aid of all his Neighbouring Princes,  
And be by all deny'd, mad with despair,  
And furious in his Grief, shall raging dye,  
By none lamented, fall his Country's Curse,  
And shame of his great Race.

*Herm.* Let's then Embrace .

Our Banishment, once more put on the Man,  
With patience wait the Justice of the Gods,  
For surely they are Just, and will revenge  
The injur'd Good, on the offenders head :  
Hence to *Ardea* let us bend our way,  
The sacred Refuge of the *Roman* Exiles.

*Hor.* Then let's away, these Melancholly Thoughts,  
Create in us some new desires of Death ;  
Tho' we refuse, when Tyrants bid us live,  
We can't reject a Life the Gods do give. *(Exeunt.*

**S C E N E III. A Chamber.**

*Enter Tarquin and Tullia.*

*Tarq.* Well ! Now they're gone, to see the hot brain'd  
Provoke their Deaths, and urge me to their Fate, *(Youths*  
But I was calm, and smil'd upon their Rage,  
Pleas'd that they were so impudent and bold,  
And by a brave imperious unconcern,  
Did cut 'em deeper than my Sword could reach ;

*What*

*The Fall of Tarquin, &c.*

What impious Shouts are those that reach my Ear? *Shout.*  
 Has the Wild Rabble lost all sense of Fear?

That thus they dare from their Allegiance fall?

*Tull.* The Zealous Mob on some pious pretence,  
 Liberty or Religion's surely at the bottom.

*Enter Sextus hastily.*

*Sext.* The People arm'd before the Palace Walls,  
 Throng to the Gates, and resolute in Rage,  
 Demand, and Vow an Entrance, or your selves  
 Surrender'd to their Fury.

*Tarq.* Make haste and mount  
 The Ramparts, thence with more skilful Courage  
 Quell the unruly Tempest of thir Rage.

*Tull.* Patience, my Lord, they cannot long oppose  
 The experienc'd valour of our Guards. *(Exit. Tull.)*

*Tarq.* But whilst at distance they ingage our Walls,  
 Their numbers may increase, and warm  
 Thir short liv'd Courage into Relolution:  
 But to prevent this Ill, you must not stay,  
 A General shou'd not his time delay.

*Sext.* No more will I, now Honour calls, away.

*(Exeunt.)*

*After a short time of Fighting, after a Charge is sounded, the Scene opens,  
 and discovers Clelius in disguise, with his Party retiring before  
 Tarquin and Sextus.*

*Clel.* Where's *Horatius* now? Sure I am betray'd! *(Exit.)*

*Re-enter Tarquin and Sextus.*

*Sext.* Now Royal Sir, the factious Crowd's your own,  
 Wind them which way you please, they'r plyable,  
 Ever Obey, where power can command;  
 How shall the Prisoners be dispos'd of?

*Sext.*



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*Tarq.* What Senators are taken in the fray,  
Banish the Kingdom, but to the rest, we  
Grant 'em Liberty; *Sextus*, your Courage  
Deserves more than reward can recompence.

*Sext.* Your smiles, Great Sir, more than reward my pains,  
All I can boast of I derive from you,  
'Twas Your Noble Example that fir'd  
My Blood with Courage, and did you but Command,  
I'd on, tho' Thunders loudest Voice forbad,  
Tho' brawny Cyclops did oppose my passage,  
And with Jove's fires guard their smoaking Cells,  
I'd on, and snatch the glowing Balls, and roul  
'Em on our Foes: A *Roman* and your Son ———

*Tarq.* Your generous Soul imagines Noble Flights,  
Worthy my Son to dare, and *Romans* ask.

*Enter Tullia, in a Rage.*

*Tull.* Is n't *Ardea* in League with us?

*Tarq.* Yes 'tis.

*Tull.* Then the perfidious Town has broke its Faith,  
Just now I was inform'd, they have receiv'd  
*Clelius*, and other Exiles of our Realm,  
And promis'd 'em protection from our Arms.

*Tarq.* Protect our Enemies, by *Jove*! I'll right my self,  
And from their faithless Veins, will suck a full  
And swift Revenge, *Sextus*, the Army is  
Your charge, haste thither, haste with Fire and Sword,  
Accept no Treaty, not the Town, till by  
Your Arms 'tis gain'd.

*Sext.* Now shall my Conquering Arm  
Deal Deaths around, who dare oppose me?  
The vigorous strength my Youth can boast,  
Speaks me your Son, and *Roman* too.

*Tarq.* Go then, my Son, and gloriously return,  
With early Conquest brooding on thy sword,  
And as thy Youth shoots up, and springs to Man,



So may'st thou raise an Empire to thy self,  
Great as thy daring Soul can fill.

*Sext.* Be that

The World : As I'm a *Roman*, this Sword shall  
Ne'er be sheath'd, whilst there's a Nation able  
To oppose the pow'r of my Victorious Arms.

*Tull.* There spoke my Son, my self I mean in that  
More God-like Image, Man.

'Twas from these Breasts the Royal Infant  
Drew these Noble Passions, that adorn his Soul.

*Sext.* This Evening I'll surprize the Town, and by the  
Morning Watch will send you News of our success.

*Tull.* May Fortune kindly Guard your brave attempt.

*Tarq.* And Crown our Arms with glorious Victory :  
'Tis from the Gods, and due to us alone,  
My tow'ring Soul no Human Law shall own,  
The Sword that gave, shall still protect my Throne.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*)

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Royal Chamber.*

*Enter Tarquin and Tullia.*

*Tarq.* **A**mbition *Tullia*, God-like Ambition  
Wings my Soul, methinks I envy *Jove*,  
Why can't these Arms the cracking Thunder hurl?  
This Head can nod, and speak poor Mortals dead,  
What more can *Jove*? And you my *Juno*,  
Sister, and Consort of your Hero's Bed.

*Tull.* And of his Crowns, believe me, I've the Soul  
Of a true *Roman*, cou'd your great mind  
Dart thro' the Clouds, and pierce the Chrystal Heav'ns,  
Mine shou'd o're take you in your God-like flight,

Bear

*The Fall of Tarquin, &c.*

II

Bear you a Sphere above the Throne of *Jove*,  
And I would be next you.

*Tarq.* And when the Urn  
Receives the Sacred Ashes of our Bones,  
Our Souls shall mount thro' every Orb of Stars,  
And boldly crowd among the world'ring Gods,  
That they amaz'd at our Divinity,  
Shall bow, and crouch beneath our awful Nod,  
Abdicate their Celestial Palaces,  
And leave their Glorious Seats to *Romans*.

*Tull.* This Globe of Earth's too narrow for our Minds,  
Sure we were meant Divine, our gen'rous Souls,  
Sprung from the Noblest Stars, have gently shot  
Such vigorous brightness from themselves, as drove  
The frightened Clouds from underneath their light,  
Then darted down like Lightning to the Earth,  
And wrap'd their Airy forms in Royal Clay.

*Enter Amilcar with Aronces.*

*Amil.* This Noble Stranger lately come to *Rome*,  
Offers his Services to your Majesties.

*Tarq.* Welcome to all the Pleasures of our Court,  
For Ease and Pleasures only here are known,  
War and Dangers are to the Field confin'd.

*Aron.* Monarchs have Cares too many for their rest,  
And Pleasures only can allay those Storms :  
But let the Youths who are not yok'd to cares,  
Who risk about with easy unconcern,  
Let them endure all the fatigues of War,  
Their's 'tis to sweat, and Grind the Dusty Plain,  
But let the Pillars of a State divert  
The anxious Labours of an hurried Mind,  
With all the Pleasures gaudy Art affords.

*Tull.* 'Tis just some Pleasures shou'd on Monarchs wait,  
'Tis all they get by being slaves to State.

*Enter*



*The Fall of Tarquin, &c.*

*Enter an Officer with Prisoners, among whom Clelia, veil'd.*

*Offic.* Some from *Ardea*, taken in our march.

*Tarq.* Relate the manner, did they quickly yield,  
Or Crown our Arms with hard got Victory ?

*Offic.* As we approach'd the confines of the Town,  
We saw some Chariots sporting on the Plain,  
I, by the Prince was instantly dispatch'd,  
To learn who those in glittering Armour were ;  
At our approach the Chariots staid their course,  
And *Clelius* was the Man.

*Tarq.* *Clelius* the Man ! On then and speak my hopes.

*Offic.* Too well I knew, but did demand his Name,  
He boldly told, I summon'd him to yield ;  
At his command, the Drivers turn'd the Reins,  
And with an eager course plow'd up the Ground,  
But we pursuing them with swifter speed,  
They loos'd their foaming Horses from their Poles,  
And mounted in their Armour ; once more we  
Summon'd 'em to yield, once more they did refuse,  
And then began the Fight.

*Tarq.* And *Clelius* fell.

*Offic.* Like gen'rous Lyons when press'd hard at Bay,  
They roar'd among our Men, their Swords destroy'd  
What e'er approach'd the fury of their flight,  
Still did they fight, and fighting still retreat,  
And tho' their Courage cou'd not win the field,  
Yet to the Town they cut their eager way,  
These I brought off.

*Tarq.* Cou'd *Clelius* then escape ?

*Tull.* How durst thou name him unless dead ?

*(They walk round the Prisoners.)*

*Aron.* Oh ! 'tis her self, what must I do *Amilcar* ?  
Speak, or my *Clelia* meets her certain death,  
Speak, or my Sword must——

*Amil.* Forbear, dear Sir ! You'll ruin your self,  
No more but second me,

*Tarq.*

*The Fall of Tarquin, &c.*

*Tarq.* Unveil the Women.

(*Clelia, &c. enter.*)

*Amil.* Hah! *Lindamira!*

(*Runs up to her.*)

*Tarq.* Know you these Captives?

*Clel.* (*aside.*) I must conform my Words to his, I see  
*Aronces* here.

*Tarq.* Speak, Damsel, whence are you?

*Clel.* Trav'ling from *Carthage*; for *Carthage*, is my home,  
With these the Part'ners of my Captiv'd Lot,  
We visited most places of remark,  
Till (but we hope not fatally) we reach'd  
*Ardea's* Walls, whence after some Days stay,  
We set for *Rome*, but not as Prisoners;  
Some Noble *Romans* brought us on our way,  
Till by a strange surprize, we chang'd our Guides,  
Yet may, as Strangers, hope our Liberty.

*Tarq.* (*aside.*) Oh! She's Divine, most gloriously Divine!  
What alteration feel I in my Soul?  
First I must better know your circumstances.

*Amil.* As my Acquaintance, Sir, stranger to *Rome*,  
And to *Ardea* too, or as a Traveller only  
In these Parts, she may expect her Liberty.

*Tull.* Why fled she then so fast at our approach?  
Flight betrays fear, and fear must have its cause.

*Amil.* Her guilt you cannot from her flight conclude,  
The Innocent may fly, when so pursu'd.

*Tarq.* Your Arguments are vain, she shall not go,  
*Clelius* her Guide, that's ground enough for me.

*Aron.* If I may intercede——

*Tarq.* I'll hear no more, she must not, shall not go,  
Yet her confinement for your sakes shall be  
Easy and large, and you shall have access:

(*aside.*) What weak pretences blinded Reason makes,  
Tis not my Anger, but my Love detains her.

*Amilcar* follow with your Friends.

(*Exeunt Tarquin, Tullia, Titus, Clelia, Guards and*  
*Prisoners. Manent Aronces and Amilcar.*)

*Aron.* Thus to be cross'd, and stripp'd of all my hopes,  
Those Lovers hopes that smil'd upon my Breast, E. To



To find my *Clelia* in a Tyrants power,  
Snatch'd from her Exil'd Parents by that Sword,  
Which proudly forc'd 'em from their Native Soil,  
Disturbs my Soul, and works it up to rage;  
But when my Mind in pleasing Thoughts returns,  
To all the Virgin Pleasures of our Loves,  
Then are my Passions charm'd to Slumb'ring Calms,  
They're hush'd indeed, but long they cannot sleep,  
Those Thoughts that lay'd, can raise my Passions too,  
Each sad Reflection on my hopeless Joys,  
On vanish'd Charms, and fancy'd Charms to come,  
Lends me a Wing, and urges on my fury.

*Amil.* I know my Lord you have cause enough——

*Aron.* Enough! And can my Passions rage enough?  
How can I think that such Divinity  
Must be oppress'd, and wear a Tyrants Chains?  
Can I think this? And still look tamely on?  
No more, this instant will I break her Chains,  
Tho' guarded by Ten Thousand Tyrants Pow'r.

*Amil.* Let not, my Lord, your hasty Passion drown  
More useful Reason; we are here unknown,  
This your untimely rage may take away  
All opportunities, all possibilities  
Of e'er recovering *Clelia* from that Pow'r,  
Which now's too Sovereign grown——

*Aron.* What methods then can reason urge, or how,  
How can we wrest her from his cruel Pow'r?  
But by an Arm proportion'd to that Pow'r,  
By Rage, Revenge, by every urging Thought,  
Fury, Despair, impatience can awake.

*Amil.* Patience, my Lord, the Tyrant won't be brav'd,  
Pray be advis'd, and let's repair to Court,  
Perhaps we may find means for her escape.

*Aron.* Oh my *Amilcar*! Oh my better Genius!  
How shall I thank you for this mighty Good?

*Amil.* Serving *Aron* does reward it self.

*Aron.*

*The Fall of Tarquin, &c.*

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*Aron.* How can my Aims but in my wishes end,  
That have so gen'rous and so brave a Friend,  
Come, my *Amilcar*———

(Embraces him.)

*Amil.* ——— On my Friend, I'll wait,  
Thro' all the Labyrinths of Love and Fate.

(Exeunt.)

*Enter Horatius and Herminius.*

*Hor.* Once more I come to view this loathsome Place,  
That swells with Tides of overflowing Ills ;  
Can you, *Herminius*, cast your Eyes on *Rome*,  
And call it *Rome*? Thus chang'd from what it was,  
*Rome* was, but Oh the sad Remembrance !

*Herm.* *Rome* was the glorious seat of *Roman* Virtue,  
But then she breath'd another Soul than now.

*Hor.* Oh ! name not now, for that sad Now implies  
What will defile a *Roman's* purer Thoughts,  
No more of this ungrateful Scene of Woe,  
There still are some who wear a *Roman* Soul,  
And with their Countries Liberty restor'd,  
But that must be the wond'rous work of Heaven.

*Herm.* Yet Man must be the Agent, Oh ! 'tis a Noble Deed,  
Worthy our bravest Daring to attempt,  
The Gods will forward our so just design ;  
Then let's Sacrifice the bloody Tyrant,  
The Spring, the Sink of all the Villany :  
Now cou'd we act by sly Dissimulation,  
As well as gen'rous Force, then might we have  
Some glimm'ring of Hope ; but we are *Romans*.

*Hor.* *Romans* ! And shall we lose that Name ?  
To be a *Roman*, Gods ! I prize it more  
Than all the Blessings else you can bestow.

*Herm.* I doubt not, brave *Horatius*, but your Soul  
Will yield to any honourable means ;  
But shou'd you stoop a little lower,  
'Tis for your injur'd Countries Liberty,  
That's such a Noble, such a Gen'rous Deed,  
As all succeeding Ages, will loudly sing  
Triumphant in your Praise.

*Hor.*



*Hor.* Well, if *Herminius*  
Urges it so home, and with such Passion  
Beautifies a Crime, what can I think?

*Herm.* Think not that I, but think the Gods in me,  
Utter'd these Transports from a zealous Breast ;  
We may use Craft when in so just a Cause.  
Pray then let you and I feign a submission,  
Seem Suppliants, and adore his Pow'r and State.

*Hor.* Feign a submission, Heav'n forbid! Can I  
Cringe to the Man my calmest Thoughts abhor?  
To one who has laid the Name of *Roman* by,  
To one ———

*Herm.* I see you are mov'd, you seem to me to start,  
And a disdainful Blush spreads o're your Face,  
And speaks your Anger, but consider, Sir,  
Is not your *Clelia* Captive to the King?

How can we save her from approaching Death?

Unless we——

(*Tarquin appears.*)

Hah! yonder the Tyrant comes, shall we away?

*Hor.* No.

*Herm.* Curb then your Passion, and second my design,

*Enter Tarquin, Aronces and Amilcar as crossing the Stage.*

*Hor.* *Aronces* here! We must not know him now. (*aside.*)

*Tarq.* Who are these?

*Hor.* *Romans.*

*Tarq.* Hah! *Horatius.*

*Hor.* Yes, I'm *Horatius*, there's *Herminius* too.

*Herm.* We are not *hither* come to hide our Heads,  
O' speak into some private corner, no,  
Tho' for ever Banish'd, we dare you see return.

*Tarq.* Return, and dare your Sovereign to his Face,  
Was ever Insolence so bold as this?

*Herm.* Not Insolent, great Sir, but we are come,  
Come, yet as *Romans* ought, are fearless come,  
And at your Feet do humbly lay our Swords,

And!

And with our Swords surrender too our Lives :  
 Perhaps, Dread Sir, we cannot cringe and bow,  
 Low as a fawning Pander of your Court,  
 Yet with a Rev'rence due to Majesty,  
 We own, we have provok'd you to our Deaths,  
 And if you can when thus provok'd forgive,  
 How can we make you a return sufficient,  
 Unless by off'ring you the Lives you gave,  
 Our Lives and Services be ever yours. (Both kneel.

*Hor.* Passions surmounting Reason vainly fly,  
 And vent at random, what their fury prompts,  
 I was indeed too blame, so were we both,  
 But I was most, for I did most offend :  
 For when my Reason did assist my Thoughts,  
 When I reflected on the indecent Scene,  
 How did I then severely charge my self,  
 Nor wou'd I pardon what my Rage had done,  
 Tho' stranger to the Cause why we were seiz'd,  
 But pardon all, Oh ! Speak those gracious words.

*Tarq.* Be all asleep, and silent as Oblivion,  
 Such a submission, and so nobly born,  
 Displays a Soul which reigns enthron'd  
 Above the common Sphere, with Joy I pardon you,  
 And will use your Swords.

*Hor.* Once then, once more in  
 Rome's defence, our Swords and Lives shall be employ'd.

*Herm.* How shall we bend in humble Thanks so low,  
 As you have rais'd us high beyond our Hopes ?

*Tarq.* Haste then *Horatius*, and with *Sextus* share,  
 In all the Glory's of *Ardea's* Siege :

To you *Herminius* I appoint my Guards,  
 And all the Troops that lye within the Walls. (Both bow.

*Hor.* I can't be there too soon, 'tis Honour's call,  
 I am resolv'd to conquer, or to fall. (Exit. *Hor.* and *Herm.*

*Tarq.* Farther than this we design our way,  
 But this so happy accident detain'd us,  
 Credulous Honesty !



Because they speak sincerely as they mean,  
 They think that I too am sincere as they:  
 No, I repent me that they live so long,  
 I'll serve my ends, their Swords may be of use,  
 For he that wou'd a Glorious Crown secure,  
 Must fortify't with Blood to make it sure;  
 To him that Reigns secure, it thus shall be,  
 He rightly Rules that keeps the Majesty;  
 For Kings whose will pretended Law restrains,  
 Are only Royal Slaves and Rule in Chains.

*(Exeunt Omnes)*

SCENE II. *Clelia's Apartment.*

*Enter Clelia very sorrowful.*

*Clel.* Were I the foulest Creature of my Sex,  
 Had these Hands dipp'd in my own Fathers Blood,  
 And stain'd with all the Guilt the cruel *Tullia* boasts,  
 Surely 'twou'd pose the much offended Gods,  
 To strike my crimes with a more heavy Curse:  
 Snatch'd from my tender Parents sorrowing Arms,  
 Torn from the truest Lovers mournful Breast,  
 And by that Tyrant too, who breaths Revenge,  
 And vents his Threats against my Father's Life:  
 Yet I with ease can bear these mighty Storms,  
 And laugh at all the blust'ring of their rage:  
 But if I faint, then fly, O fly my Soul!  
 And don't deceive me with a seeming Death,  
 Lovers distress'd shall meet thee in thy flight,  
 And bear thee to their pleasing solitudes,  
 To hear the mournful stories of thy Love;  
 But thou in slumbers dream thy care away,  
 Hold then my Heart, untill I have declared,  
 My miserable Case. *Enter Aronces.*  
 My dear *Aronces*, art thou come?  
 Come to thy *Clelia*, to her last farewell.

*Aron.*

*The Fall of Targum, &c.*

*Aron.* Thy last farewell! What means my farewell,  
To veil her Beauties in a Cloud of Griefs?

*Clel.* Oh my *Aronces*! So heavy are my Afflictions grown,  
My drooping Spirits cannot bear the weight  
But speak my Woes in mournful Sighs and Tears:  
Come death and welcome, come my *Aronces*, come,  
Your *Clelia* help to grieve, and help to die.

*Aron.* Die! Oh! You pierce my fainting Soul, to see  
You grieve, I am more than half expir'd,  
Oh! Name no more that so ungrateful sound,  
Let me bear all thy vast Afflictions weight  
And live, live happy ever, *Clelia* live,  
Tell me your grief that I may seek a remedy.

*Clel.* There's none, *Aronces*, there is none but death.

*Aron.* Why do you grieve, and do not tell me why?  
Methinks,  
Our Souls being one, should sympathize in all,  
And bear an equal share in either's griefs.

*Clel.* You may count up a num'rous sum of woes,  
And yet fall short, vastly short of mine,  
But can I? Can my faltering Tongue  
Declare the Cause, the Bane of all our Bliss?  
Can I then tell you that the Tyrant——No,  
Ah no! My Spirits cannot bear the sound,  
The Tyrant, Tyrant, Oh! 'tis stifled there,  
And what's to follow cannot break its way.

*Aron.* Thus Men in Transports of some sudden Joy,  
Dwell on a Word, and cannot speak the rest,  
How wretched then, how miserable you,  
Who can't relate your Melancholly Case;  
Grief swells you up, and drowns the struggling Words,  
And only Tyrant can escape the Flood:  
What of the Tyrant? Dost thou know the Truth?  
And do's the Monster mean my *Clelia's* Death?

*Clel.* Death! That's a Blessing which I dare not hope,  
No, there's no such conclusion of my Woes,  
Wou'd Heav'n's grant it, that my Prayer should be:

*Aron.*



*Aron.* Oh! how you shake and terrify my Soul,  
What greater Curse can be, to Hope than Death?

*Clel.* Why would you know what would destroy your rest?  
Let it be ever buried in my Breast.

*Aron.* Why would say so much and not proceed?  
Since I must grieve, pray let me know the cause?

*Clel.* Thus Man is curious to his own Destruction,  
Searching a cause will break his Peace for ever;  
I cannot, dare not tell you.

*Enter Amikar.*

*Aron.* What are you come to join the mournful Choir?  
And share a friendly Portion in our Woes?

*Amil.* I come indeed to fill the mournful Scene,  
Perhaps encrease the sadness of it too,  
What I must say, I know will both offend.

*Aron.* Speak it, if from the Tyrant you are come,  
Shew us the Monster in his proper dress,  
I know he sent the Message with a frown.

*Amil.* No, but a Smile more dreadful than his Frown,  
Sends me to *Clelia* in a fit of Love.

*Clel.* Ah! What have you said? He knew it not before,  
Stifle the rest, torment not him and me. *(To Amil. aside.)*

*Aron.* Now, 'tis too late, what Love! Confusion! Love!  
Hurl him with pointed Bolts, Oh mighty Jove!  
Deep, deep as Hell, and forge new Torments for him.

*Clel.* Oh! don't I pray, do not thus wildly rave,  
'Tis useless all, indeed 'tis all in vain.

*Aron.* By their own dreadful Thunder's noise awak'd,  
Calm rugged Waves, and charm loud Storms to sleep.

*Clel.* Rage then no more, let Reason rule your Mind,  
The Gods design your *Clelia* miserable, but  
Worthy her self she still will bear her fate,  
And equally regard his Love or Hate.

*Amil.* Expel the Poison by a second Draught,  
Whats to come may—

*Aron.*

*Aron.* I hope the best, proceed *Amilcar*, do,  
The rankest Poison may afford a Cure,  
And Good may from the greatest Evil flow.

*Amil.* When still in vain *Tarquin* had smil'd his Love,  
And he perceiv'd his Merits you dispis'd,  
He offer'd Empire, you with disdain refus'd,  
Nay durst Command his Person from your sight,  
Yet since he still desires to win your Love,  
With the Endearments of a mutual kindness,  
Me he has sent his Advocate.

*Clel.* His Advocate!  
You'd better said his Messenger of Death.

*Aron.* Ye Pow'rs above! What Prodigies are these?  
But still proceed, my Rage will then be ripe.

*Amil.* He bad me use the most obliging Terms,  
And call'd himself your Slave, your *Tarquin*,  
Desires you wou'd injoyn him some Command,  
To prove the Flame your charms have rais'd.

*Clel.* I then command my Liberty to go,  
But if he still will haunt me with his Love,  
I'll surely fall a Victim to your Shrine. (To *Aronces*.

*Aron.* Then let us both our shares of sorrow take,  
And both be wretched for each others sake.

*Clel.* Night wears apace, then let's retire to rest,  
But Oh! what rest to Lovers waking Eyes?  
Bear the adoring Tyrant my Command. (To *Amilcar*.

*Amil.* 'Twill thwart his hopes and damp his Airy Joys,  
He thinks his Merits cannot be withstood.

*Aron.* Yes, and his Pow'r, your Liberty's my care, (To *Clel*.  
For Captive Love, and in a Rivals Chain,  
Gives double Joy when freed, now double Pain. (Exeunt.



ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Walk by the River Tiber.*

*Enter Aronces and Herminius.*

*Aron.* **A**ND ought we to omit an Opportunity,  
That seems mark'd out by Heav'n for our design?  
Long has the Tyrant born the Imperial sway,  
Inrich'd himself with plunder'd Senate's Wealth.  
And now his Sons ————— *Enter Brutus.*

*Brut.* What of his Sons? Whose Sons? Who are you?  
Oh! I've News to tell you, you'll be Secret?  
Ay, but the Gods will hear, I'll keep it to my self.

*Aron.* See here a Spectacle  
That will draw pity from all Vertuous Eyes;  
See here an object of the Tyrants scorn,  
The Sport, the Pastime of his Sons, see one  
Whose tender years too sensible of Woe,  
Flew to Distraction for his Fathers Death,  
Who fell a Victim for his Countries good.

*Herm.* How many Victims has the Tyrant Crown'd?  
And here's a living Victim of his Pride,  
Good Men too often are by bad oppress'd.

*Brut.* Yes, yes, my Father was a good Man, but  
*Tarquin* always hated good Mens doings.  
Hah! don't you see the Heaven's on a flame,  
The Gods have sent it, Oh! 'twill clear the Air,  
Would they but send their rattling Thunder too,  
There wou'd be Musick for you: Hark ye Friends,  
My Father's dead, and so are many more,  
And have been so some Years, I'll tell you now,  
Be sure you mind; now they begin to roar,  
The Sun has suck'd the stench above the Ground,  
Where they are lay'n, for the King pitied 'em,

And

And wou'd not burn their Bodies, I've been told  
They're rotten now, Infection scents the Air.  
The Gods will purge it tho', before they've done,

*Herm.* His Father, mine, and many Fathers more,  
Fell Butcher'd Victims to the Tyrant's fury:  
Shall we then, we their Progeny survive,  
And not revenge their fall?

*Aron.* Revenge their fall, push on your just Revenge;  
The Tyrant's going to *Ardea's* Siege,  
*Horatius* shares the Army with his Son,  
And all the City is at your Command.

*Enter a Messenger with a Letter to Herminius.*

*Herm.* Hah! from *Lucretius*, what can this import?  
My presence in an instant is desir'd;  
But my dear *Aronces*, remember *Clelius*,  
And save your *Clelia* from dishonour.

*Aron.* I will *Herminius*, trust my resolution.

*(Exeunt Aron. and Herm. severally.)*

*Brut.* Two Noble Youths, *Herminius*, did he say?  
A *Phoenix* sure sprung from his Father's Ashes:  
The wish'd Catastrophe is come at last,  
And let, Oh! let their Murder'd Father's Souls,  
Inspire and prompt their Offspring to revenge,  
Unmask'd of Madness, then will I appear  
My self a *Roman*, Son of murder'd *Marcus*,  
And shine in all my Father's Virtues:  
Oh *Brutus*!

Thou hast withstood the utmost shocks of Fate,  
Hast suffer'd all Indignities, and all for Piety,  
The greatness of thy Soul when made the mock,  
The laughing stock of all did still submit to Piety,  
The Noblest proof of Virtue, and a *Roman*:  
Now to my Countries Liberty I'm call'd,  
Methinks I hear a cry,  
Why stay'st thou *Brutus*? Why do's *Brutus* stay?

No,



No, no, I come, I fly to her relief,  
Justice and Fury, Honour and Revenge  
My Country's Genius urge me to the Race :  
I come *Herminius*, Noble Youth I come.

(Exit running.)

S C E N E II. *An Antichamber.*

*Enter Tarquin and Clelia.*

*Tarq.* Ah *Lindamira* ! Why that harsh Command ?  
'Tis to Command me not to adore your Charms,  
And can I see such Charms and not adore ?

*Clel.* If you have hopes in me, my Chains remove,  
Slaves may Obey, but they can never Love.

*Tarq.* The Love of Kings ought not to be despis'd,  
Consider who he is that courts your Charms,  
Perhaps not born to the soft Arts of Love,  
So cannot allure you to his longing Arms,  
With Words as amourously sweet as others,  
Yet if I can debase my self so low,  
Beneath the Grandeur of my Majesty,  
To love my Prisoner ———

*Clel.* Do you debase your self for Love of me ?  
For one not worthy of a Monarchs flame,  
Yet I'm above a Tyrant's grov'ling Lust ;  
I know thee *Tarquin*, yes, I know thee,  
And Death's more grateful to me than thy Love.

*Tarq.* This I can hear, and I can love you still,  
But have I rais'd my self thro' thousand Lives  
To Empire's top ? To see my self out brav'd,  
Nay scorn'd and spurn'd at by a worthless Woman ;  
Yet She has Charms, which Charms I must enjoy.

*Clel.* No *Tarquin*, no, thou never shalt enjoy  
One Spark from me, tho' of thy faintest hope,  
Since with resolved thoughts I can Command  
This pointed Dagger to my Virgin Soul,  
(*She pulls out a Dagger, which Tarq. snatches away.*)

*Tarq.*

*Tarq.* Yet thou pervers'est Fair I will enjoy :  
And spight of all my Rage, I'll love thee still.

*Clel.* Did I but think I e'er had breath'd a Thought,  
One Thought of Love to thee, I wou'd deform  
The Charms that made thee Lust.

*Tarq.* Do not provoke me thus beyond my self,  
Lest I should loose, and let my Fury fly,  
'Twou'd blast thee dead ;

Oh ! be more kind, kind to your self and me.

*Clel.* If then you love, as all your Vows declare,  
Give me a Noble instance of your Love ;  
If so you love me, that I must not dye,  
Dye then your self; and prove you love me so.

*Tarq.* Too far, too vailly deep you've urg'd the cure,  
Increas'd the Passion you pretend to ease ;  
What then is Love, if 'tis not to enjoy ?  
If either dye, I'm miserable still,  
Wretched in Death, because you cannot love,  
Wretched in yours, for who can love the dead ?

*Clel.* Therefore 'tis Lust, 'tis only Lust that burns you ;  
Know I can urge thee farther, farther still.

*Tarq.* She shakes my Soul, assist me Reason, help,  
What shall I do ? How shall I quench my flame ?  
It burns too fierce and cannot be extinguish'd.

*Clel.* Cease Tyrant, cease thy raving, now I'll try,  
How thou canst bear a harsher sound :  
Know I've a surer refuge from thy Lust  
Than Sword can give, or present Death afford ;  
Know then, I'm not *Lindamira*, no,  
No Trav'ling Stranger, nor a *Carthagenian*,  
I am the Offspring of a *Roman's* blood ;  
A Virtuous Noble *Roman* is my Father,  
One who's a mortal Enemy to thee,  
Sworn to thy Death, and bent on thy destruction,  
One, who's Virtues thy Ambition aw'd, whose worth  
Thou fearest, and daring not to kill him, didst  
Basely banish him, the worthy *Clelius*.

H

*Tarq.*



*Tarq.* Hah! thou'lt restor'd me to my self once more,  
And now I hate thee with more perfect hate,  
Than e'er I lov'd the Beauty of thy Charms,  
How shall I thank you for the pleasing cure?  
Death shall reward thee for the Remedy.

*Clel.* Oh! now you're in your proper Element,  
To talk of Death, and streaming Blood,  
That's thy Business *Tarquin*, and not Love:  
And yet I dare thee, urge thee to my fate,  
That's the Reward I ask, yet *Tarquin* know  
I still have more, a great deal more to tell,  
Did I not think you'd say a Woman's fear  
Delay'd the Hour, by Heav'n's my Soul desires;  
Say then thou hat'st me, name not Love again.

*Tarq.* Then 'cause I hate thee, as indeed I do;  
Therefore thy Death is honour'd with my Arm,  
Stand firm, and don't till I am thro' thee fall.

(*pausing.*)

*Clel.* Be sure strike home, and strike me to the Heart;  
Why do you pause? I do not fear the stroke,  
Point here your Weapon, and you'll quickly try,  
Who is the greatest Hero, You or I.

*Tarq.* I hate thee more because thou art so brave,  
Yet so Commanding too, so all Divine:  
But what are Charms? And what's Divine to me?  
And yet so lovely——but where——

(*In a Transport.*)

Where? for your Charms have fix'd me, where's  
Then my Honour? Where's the hate I urg'd?

Envy her self her Foe can hardly prove,  
She shares at once my Anger and my Love.

*Clel.* Nay, stagger not in this thy last Charity,  
Thou Scourge of *Rome*, and Pest from Heav'n,  
Thou Curse of Widows, and of Orphans Crys,  
Thou Usurper——Rage on, threat Ruin to the World,  
For I can smile to see thee furious now.

*Tarq.* Here Guards, secure her safe till my return.

*Clel.* Oh! let me stay, I beg it on my Knees.

*Tarq.*

*Tarq.* Away, this instant before I cool away,  
I find a pitying Fool within my Breast. *(She's hurried off.)*  
And yet without her all my Joys are vain,  
Empire a Curse, and Life it self a Pain. *Exit.*

S C E N E III.

*Collatia, where Lucretia's Body lies in State.*

*Enter Collatinus, Herminius, &c. who advance to the front of the Stage, Lucrece's Body being born thither.*

*Coll.* Come near, ye *Romans*, joyn in my laments,  
Joyn in the deepest Anguish of my Soul :  
Oh *Lucrece* ! Oh thou spotless Chastity !  
Noble *Timoclea* is in thee reviv'd,  
In thee with double lustre shines ;  
So pure, so chaste the flowings of thy Blood,  
The Villain cou'd not mix his lustful streams,  
Nor spread his Poyson thro' thy purer Veins,  
But frighted at thy matchless Chastity,  
His furious Lust rebounded from thy Soul  
And left thee all unstain'd. *Enter Brutus.*

*Brut.* Gods defend me !

What means your sorrow *Collatine* ?

*Coll.* Oh *Brutus* ! you cannot be sensible  
Of this prodigious Villany we mourn,  
We will revenge thee, yes, we will revenge  
Thy Blood, thy Honour, on his lustful Head,  
Too long has *Tarquin*.

*Brut.* Too long indeed,  
Has *Tarquin* been the cruel Scourge of *Rome*,  
Too long has injur'd Virtue sadly groan'd  
Under the weight of Bloody Tyranny ;  
Too long have I disguis'd my *Roman* Soul  
Under the Vizard of a Madman's pranks,  
But now behold me, *Lucius Junius* ;

**Behold,**



Behold, and read my Father's Virtues stamp'd  
 Upon my Soul, behold the Son of *Marcus*;  
 Who Swears by all the Gods, he will appease  
 With *Tarquin's* Blood, his murder'd Father's Ghost;  
 Behold, here *Brutus* Solemnly do's Swear;  
 Vows to restore the Liberties of *Rome*.

*Coll.* What is't I hear? What wond'rous change is this?

*Brut.* I am not chang'd, I only cease to be  
 That Fool, that Madman, that Buffoon at Court:  
 But say, *Herminius*, tell me some of you,  
 The fatal cause of these sad Lamentations.

*Herm.* See the Wonder of Chastity, Goddess of her Sex,  
 See the Divine *Lucrece* imbru'd in Blood.

*Brut.* Hah *Lucrece*!

What impious Hand durst do this horrid deed?

*Herm.* Oh! 'twas her self, her furious self that gave  
 The fatal blow, and Sacrific'd her Blood  
 To her unspotted Chastity: Hear then  
 And I'll tell you all the doleful Story.  
 When last Night's Darkness gloom'd,  
 And silent Horror touch'd the spacious Orb,  
 The Monster of Mankind,  
 Lascivious *Sextus*, hot in raging Lust,  
 Watching the guilty Opportunity,  
 With hasty Steps went to absent *Collatine's*,  
 And got with secrecy into *Lucrece's* Chamber:  
 The Virgin Taper, that before shone bright,  
 Strait with a sullied light did faintly blaze,  
 And cast a shady glim'ring round the Room;  
 When with an eager Passion the Villain came  
 Up to her Bed, and in a pleasant tone,  
 Now come my Joys, ador'd *Lucrece*, he cry'd:  
 She wak'd at the Alarm, and with  
 A modest Resolution, check'd the bold  
 Intruder, and disain'd his flame, but he  
 Knave I'd as binisive Lover at her Feet  
 And breath'd his Sighs most passionately kind;

Yet:

Yet he chaste Mind unshaken did remain,  
And all his Oaths and Vows were spent in vain.  
Then with impatience did the Villain foam,  
And swore he'd Stab her did she not comply;  
But still unmov'd, bravely she scorn'd his Threats.

*Brut.* Prodigious Villain!

Is he more Monster than he yet appears?

*Herm.* Yes more, wou'd Heav'ns he here had stop'd!  
For next he rowl'd his furious Eyes about,  
Wracking his Thoughts, when fatally he found  
An Instrument that jump'd with his design;  
A Slave she had a Witness of these Truths;  
His present Death the Villain did resolve,  
Pointed the Sword against his trembling Breast,  
And sore he wou'd report, he found the Slave  
And her in Bed.

*Brut.* Sure he's the greatest Villian Hell affords,  
Tainted with every Vice that Spots the Mind.

*Herm.* Oh Brutus! Think in what passionate Words  
She did express her Grief, then in a flood  
Of dying Tears ———

*Brut.* Proceed *Herminius*, speak.

*Herm.* She own'd the deed, and privately drew forth  
A Dagger, which with a resolute Hand,  
She itabb'd and plung'd till it reach'd her Heart:  
Thus I alert my Chastity, she cry'd,  
Thus I conjure you to Revenge my shame,  
On *Tarquin's* Race, revenge your selves and me,  
Revenge, revenge, revenge me all she cry'd,  
And breath'd her Soul out in the Word revenge.

*Coll.* Revenge me ye immortal Pow'rs! Revenge  
Upon his Name and Race, *Lucretia's* wrongs.  
Seize him ye Infernal Pow'rs! Seize him!  
May his Days be miserable, and the Remnant  
Of his Life one continual remorse,  
For his Treachery and Barbarity to my dear *Lucretia*.



*Brut.* Did she conjure you to revenge her wrongs?  
 Why do you stand then doubting to proceed?  
 Hear me ye Gods! Oh hear my sacred Vow!  
 I by that revenge her dying Soul injoyn'd,  
 Swear to revenge her with my latest Breath:  
*Romans* approach, with me espouse her cause,  
 With me approach this chaste Divinity:  
 See, thus I lay my trembling Hand, (*lays his hand on the Coffin.*)  
 Now Swear we to Revenge *Lucrece's* wrongs.

*All.* We Swear.

*Brut.* Swear we to drive out all the Race of *Tarquin.*

*All.* We Swear.

*Brut.* Swear we to guard *Rome's* Liberties for ever.

*All.* We Swear.

*Brut.* Now we have Sworn, let's execute Revenge:  
 Send to *Horatius*, let him know these things,  
 That he prepare e'er *Tarquin* reach the Siege.

*Herm.* *Horatius* has the Army in his power,  
 And all the Troops in *Rome* are mine.

*Brut.* See how all things concur to our design,  
 Let's then away, begin the mighty Work,  
 Settle the State, and gain the Peoples Hearts.  
 So future Times our Names will celebrate,  
 And *Rome* give Laws to ev'ry Neighbouring State. (*Exeunt.*)

#### S C E N E IV.

*Enter Tarquin, attended by Titus, Valerius and other Noble-Men. Enter to them Aronces and Amilcar, in Africk Habits.*

*Tarq.* Whence are these suppliant Strangers? Sure they are  
 Some petty Princes come to beg their Crowns,  
 Or Ministers from some Foreign State,  
 Bowing to us the World's great Potentate;  
 Mounted without the dull successive way  
 Of lazy Monarchs who so tamely wait  
 To be Enthron'd, who imitate the Story

Of

*The Fall of Tarquin, &c.*

11

Of the feign'd *Phoenix*, and expect their Pow'r,  
From th' Ashes only of an Ancestor :  
But speak your Message, and from whence you come.

*Amil.* We're Strangers, both Citizens of *Carthage*,  
True Lovers of your Royal Majesty,  
Who lower yet with all submission bow,  
And beg one Boon.

*Tarq.* Stands it with State to grant?  
With Patience just request we always hear.

*Aron.* As just as ever reach'd your Royal Ear,  
Easy to grant, great Sir, and for the same,  
All future Times will celebrate your fame.

*Amil.* And our request will not exhaust your Store,  
But add unto your Glory.

*Tarq.* Say no more,  
And if 'tis so, conclude your request  
Already granted.

*Aron.* That *Clelia* be releas'd  
From that confinement which she now sustains,  
Pity such Beauty shou'd put on such Chains ;  
She that has captiv'd Princes with her Eye,  
Is Captive made, yet makes Captivity  
Seem glorious, and desir'd, her Air and Mein,  
Show in her Bonds, the bravery of a Queen ;  
So Diamonds in the dark appear more bright,  
And always gain more lustre by the Night.

*Tarq.* Beauty o'er Kings do's bear a Sov'raign sway,  
No wonder then that Subjects shou'd obey. (*aside.*)  
Guards conduct the Pris'ner into our Royal presence.  
Rise up my Lords, for your request is granted.

*Enter Clelia guarded.*

*Clel.* Do's it in all the Pow'r of Fate remain,  
To lay more weight on than I now sustain ?  
It cannot be, Fate has no trouble more,  
No burden which I have not born before.

(*sighs.*)  
*Tarq*



*The Fall of Tarquin, &c.*

*Tarq.* That Sigh's your last, waste not that little Breath  
You have to draw, but strait prepare for Death.

*Clel.* 'Tis the blind Ignorance of an unknown State  
Makes us to fear and dread our future Fate,  
Death in it self is nothing, his keen Dart  
Can't strike a terroure into *Clelia's* Heart,

No, *Tarquin*, no ————— (*Thunder and Lightning.*)

*A Prodigy of a flying Dragon appears.*

*Tarq.* And are the Gods grown merry? Thus to sport,  
And Act their Pageantry in *Tarquin's* Court;  
Is it to show our Grandeur? Or do's Fate  
Intend some alteration in the State?

What's Supernat'ral is a Prodigy  
To meaner Soul's, but shall be none to me:  
No, Gods! You're all mistaken if you think,  
That *Tarquin's* Courage can at Phantom's shrink;  
Such Apparitions may affright the Eye  
Of base Plebeians, but not of Majesty.

*Tit.* My Blood runs cold, thus the great *Romulus*,  
And Sacred *Numa*, were both wrap'd from us;  
Great Prodigies preceeded eithers Fate,  
And surely this some dire Event portends.

*Tarq.* Then *Titus* go, and bid our Flamens Pray,  
The Alters with rich Sacrifices load,  
To *Rome's* Genius all our Devotions pay,  
And chiefly to great *Pan* our Household God;  
Bid 'em to sound the depth of hidden Fate,  
And try to unravel ev'ry Mystery,  
That seems to undermine a Monarchs's State,  
And know the meaning of this Prodigy.

*Tit.* Our Tut'lar Gods have all along been dumb,  
As if they had deny'd their aid to *Rome*,  
The Vestal Fire extinguish'd, and the same  
Again enliven'd by a lambent Flame;  
And yet our Augures can no reason show,  
By all their Magick why these things are so;  
We must consult some greater Deity.

*Tarq.*

Tarq. Hast then my Son to Delphos, and there see,  
What great Apollo has decreed for me.

(Exit Tarq. Tull. and Tit.

Clel. You heard his Words and saw his bended brow.

Aron. I did.

Clel. Yet he will love me, tho' I think his love,  
The heaviest Curse the angry Heav'ns can send ;  
I love, but Fate divides me from my Love,  
My Joys are past, I'm miserably curs'd.

Aron. If you are wretched in Aronces love,  
Then drive me, drive me ever from your Thoughts,  
So well I love, I would not be belov'd,  
If Grief and Woe attend the unhappy flame.

Clel. What shall I say ? My griefs press hard upon me,  
Shall I on your Bosom rest, and sadly mourn ?  
And to the Gods lift my complaining Voice ?

Aron. Oh ye Gods !  
How can you see such goodness at your Feet,  
And not stoop down, and lend her some relief ?  
Why must that Tyrant ? —————

Clel. Oh ! how I urg'd the Monster to my fate ?  
How I provok'd the Villain to my Death ?  
The welcome Sword was mounted at my Breast,  
Oh ! why ye Gods, why did ye then withhold  
The ready Blade ? And dart it from my Soul ?  
Once more I rous'd a Fury in his Blood,  
Bore him beyond my Death, and now I live,  
I live the Object of his furious Lust.

Aron. Rack not thy Thoughts with these repetitions,  
Oh ! do not rave, but hear me Clelia, hear me,  
Grief and Distraction prey upon your Soul,  
And whirl you beyond your self.

Clel. Oh ! were I born remote from shining Courts,  
In some poor homely Cottage humbly blest,  
Pleas'd with my little all in large content,  
Then might I live as Nature first prescrib'd,  
The ripen'd Fruit attend my Hungers call,



The liberal Brook prevents approaching Thirst,  
Without the cloying sweets of rich Intemperance,  
Or parcimonious grudging me my Food :  
On Roots and Leaves, and humble Acrons fed,  
I'd live without the Luxry of Bread.

*Aron.* Go on, compleat this happy Scene of Bliss.

*Clel.* Then might I Reign in Nature's gaudy Empire,  
Blest o'er all my bleating Subjects of the Plain ;  
No Palace know, but what the shady Trees  
Raise o'er my Head, no Odours smell, but those  
The fragrant Spring bears in its gentle Breezes  
To my Seat, these are such harmless thoughts  
As lull my Cares, and calm my troubled Breast.

*Aron.* These Innocent Thoughts relenting Heaven  
Did sure inspire, to ease your sorrows ;  
Reflect on all those rural Joys again,  
And trace that pleasing Labyrinth of Thought,  
Till in its windings you have lost your Grievs :  
Ah, then my Dear ! Suppose that you and I  
Lay on some flow'ry Bank, a murmur'ing Brook  
In gentle Streams ran purling by, think me  
Some Lovely Swain who courts your Charms, your self  
Some Beauteous Nymph, and me your best belov'd  
Laid by your side, you circled in my Arms :  
Suppose th' harmonious Choirs that charm the Air,  
Suppose them singing to our constant Loves,  
In all the Pleasures of wild Harmony,  
Tuning their Airy Notes to soft desires,  
And sweetly warbling Sympathy to Love,  
Think, *Clelia*, think——

*Clel.* Ah no ! I have no Thoughts, but those of grief,  
My sorrow rushes like a mighty Sea,  
Rushes upon me like a Tide of Woe,  
Nor can I stem the fury of the Stream.

*Aron.* The Gods are just, my *Clelia*, sure they are,  
Check then your sorrows, trust the Pow'rs above,  
For Heav'n, my *Clelia*, ne'er forsakes the good.

*Clel.*

*Clel.* In vain, in vain you talk of Heav'n to me,  
Oh ! Now a Torrent rages in my Breast,  
Bears all my Senses in a furious Flood,  
And I am turn'd by ev'ry beating Wave.

*Aron.* Were I Rock, she'd melt me into Tears,  
How can I hold ? I feel the Watery Drops  
Steal from my Eyes, and am quite dissolv'd,  
My Spirits droop under her sorrows weight.

*Clel.* Are not my own stretch'd to the utmost bounds ?  
Why will you load me with your Sorrows too ?  
Why will you grieve ? Why doubly wound my Soul ?

*Aron.* Will you forbid the Duty of my Tears ?  
The only proof of love I can bestow.

*Clel.* But I'm the wretched Cause.

*Aron.* Oh Heav'ns forbid !  
How can we truly Sympathize in Souls,  
And not be blended in our Passions too ?  
But since my presence do's encrease your Woe,  
I'll hide my doleful sorrows from your Eyes,  
And weep in some dark solitary Grove ;  
Perhaps some Wolf rob'd of her tender young,  
May bark her loss in Melancholly Howles,  
Or boading Ravens croaking o'er my Head,  
To tell me, wretched *Clelia* is no more,  
Or make my case more miserable,  
See *Clelia*, I'll withdraw——

(going.)

*Clel.* Oh my *Aronces* ! my dearest Lord return,  
How can you go, and leave me here to grieve ?  
Cease 'em *Aronces*, stay and cease 'em here,  
If I was ever, tho' not now belov'd,  
Give me a proof, and leave me dead behind ?

*Aron.* Assist me Gods ! to stand the mighty shock,  
Where shall my staggering Spirits find relief ?  
Oh Man ! where art thou ? rouse thy self again,  
Let Reason stand divided from my Love,  
But Oh ! in vain my Love seeks Reasons Aid,  
Yet my dear *Clelia*, Oh my Love ! believe,



If I deny the fatal proof you ask,  
'Tis that my Soul is tender of my Love.

*Clel.* Come then my Hero, meet my longing Arms.  
Thus twin'd in either's Fate we'll live and Love,  
And reach with our chaste Flames the Pow'rs above.

*Enter an Officer with Guards.*

*Offic.* Sir, you must go, I dare no longer stay,  
'Tis the King's Order, and you must obey.

*Clel.* 'Tis what I fear'd, Oh! take me with you too.

*Aron.* Better approach a Lyon in the toyls;  
Back to the Tyrant, for I scorn his Pow'r.

*Offic.* If you resist, force must succeed, fall on. (*is disarm'd.*)

*Aron.* Vain is your Number, treacherous and base,  
Farewel, my *Clelia*, live, but—— (*They hurry him off.*)

*Clel.* Stay, you forgot, for I must with you too;  
They're gone, they'r gone, my dear *Aronces* gone,  
Gone to his Death, and miserable I,  
Torn from his Arms, left to the Tyrants fury,  
My num'rous Grievs before had press'd me down,  
But now with double force, with double weight  
They fall, and crush me into Ruin:

The Fates had spent their Spite on me before,  
And on my self cou'd not encrease my Woes,  
Now on my other better self they Rage,  
Equal his miseries with mine.

Hear, Oh ye gracious Gods! my kneeling Prayer,  
And let my dear *Aronce's* be your care.

Oh my *Aronce's*! I can no longer hold,  
Gods! grant me Life to hear *Aronce's* lives,

Ah no! Ye cruel Powers it cannot be,  
Death comes apace, and presses at my Heart,  
My fainting Life doe's from my Vains retire,  
And I in shades of slumb'ring Peace expire.

Oh my *Aronce's*, Oh!

(*Swoons.* The Guards carry her off.)

A C T

ACT IV: SCENE I.

*A TEMPLE, at the Upper End of which stands exalted the Oracle of Apollo, and before him an Altar; Enter the Priestesses singing, followed by Titus and Brutus, and as they move slowly up to the Altar, they often bow; then the Chief Priestess advancing to the Altar, lays down the Sacrifice.*

Priest. **G**reat Son of Jove, to whose All-seeing Eye,  
The Book of Fate lyes open Night and Day,  
Most Solemnly thy Rites we will apply,  
And at thy Altar true Devotion pay.  
Accept our Royal Offerings and explain  
Rome's Fate, and what Rome's Prodigy do's mean.  
Oh! be propitious in thy Prophecy,  
Great *Delphick* God, and so thy sacred Name,  
Shall be Eterniz'd by thy Votary,  
And Rome and all the World proclaim thy Fame:  
Thus thrice about the Alter we presume,  
To Feast thy Royal Nostrils with Perfume,  
And thrice about I wave this Sacred Wand,  
The Fate of Rome from thee to understand.

The ORACLE.

*Behind the Altar you shall find a Scroll,  
Which all the Fate of Tarquin does inroll:  
But let no bold presumer break the Seal,  
And rudely view the Sacred Mysteries,  
Unbidden of the God that dwells within,  
Least he incur the God's displeasure.*

Priest. Great *Delian* God what Thanks we owe,  
No Tongue can tell, nor Action show;

L

We



34 *The Fall of Tarquin, &c.*

We loudly bend both Heart and Knee,  
Submitting to thy Deity.

*(Singing a full Chorus till they are quite off the Stage.)*

S C E N E II.

*Clelia's Apartment, where she is sitting on a Couch.*

*Clel.* Just as the Sun after continued Showers  
Have drain'd the Heavens,  
Looks thro' the Sable Garments of the Sky,  
With fainter Glories fading on his Face,  
And darts his cooler Rays along the Air :  
So do my Eyes, when over-charg'd with Grief  
Obscure their Brightness in a vale of Tears,  
And largely gush my pressing sorrows out,  
And having rowl'd 'em down,  
Begin at last to dissipate the Clouds.  
When my poor Soul foresaw his threatn'd Death,  
She fled her Mansion with the eag'rest Hast,  
But as my *Aronces*, so my Life return'd,  
His ev'ry Sigh, his ev'ry deeper Groan,  
War'd my Remains of Life, and gently thrill'd  
Them thro' my Veins ———

Oh ! let me dwell on Thoughts serene as these,  
Dissolve in slumbers all my restless Cares,  
Exclude the bold Intruder from my mind,  
And with soft Musick charm me to my Rest :  
But whilst I sleep, do thou my watchful Soul,  
Seek my *Aronces* in each pleasing Phantom,  
But seek for nothing in the Groves of Love,  
But my *Aronces*, every where *Aronces*.

*(Soft Musick)*

*(falls asleep.)*

*Enter Tullia.*

*Tull.* Where's the Rival of my Imperial Beauty ?  
*Hah !* She sleeps secure, no noise disturb her rest ;

*Direct*

Direct me now Revenge to surest Murther; (Clelia awakes.)  
That wink of brightness shows her Soul's awake.

Clel. A frightful Scene was acting in my Soul,  
When some loud Clamour broke the horrid Vision,  
Hah! the Queen!

My boding Heart starts at that Bird of Fate. (aside.)

Tull. Rise thou unhappy Beauty, Oh, my Rage!

Clel. What can be added to my vast afflictions?  
My pressing Grievs call loud for some return,  
But I can't force one Tributary drop  
To pay my crying Miseries.

Tull. Then you must strain the utmost Pow'rs of I:  
'Tis Fate, 'tis I, 'tis Jealousy commands,  
Like furious Juno in a Cloud of Night,  
I with severest Jealousy survey  
My injur'd Beauty ——— But no more.

Clel. How mean she looks in any dress but Rage  
Oh! that's the Robe that best adorns her Soul:  
But know, proud Queen, I own a Mind as great,  
More Noble too than yours, more undefil'd,  
Know I am she, not all the terrors of  
Revengeful Fate, can in the least Alarm,  
And know that I, that Clelia can  
Confess her Sex in nothing but her Love:  
Know I am prepar'd, (if you are so resolv'd)  
To meet my Death, and 'twill be grateful to me.

Tull. Thou then, that Traytor's Daughter, the Ri-  
Of my Bed, 'tis far beyond my hopes;  
Gods! can it be that in this Rival's shape,  
I've met the greater Object of my Rage?

Clel. Do you believe that I will meet his Love?  
No, but you renown'd for Murders, must not  
Stop at helpless me.

Tull. 'Tis thus mean Souls,  
Are dazled at the lustre of a Crown;  
Shall then so poor, so mean a Soul as thine,  
Rival my Glories? and in Triumph ride



O'er all my Hopes in *Tarquin's* falt'ring Heart?

No, I'll restore my Hero to himself,

Destroy the Charmer that invades his Breast,

And robs his Empress of her Diadem;

Die, quickly die, thy latest doom's decreed. (*going to stab her.*)

*Clel.* Oh! do not strike, withhold the deadly Blade!

Oh! let me live, live but one moment longer,

I'll beg you then to take the Life you gave,

'Twill save me from the greater Monster's Jaws,

My doom is fix'd, already 'tis decreed,

And only you can save me from the blow.

*Tull.* The blow which only I can give,

Think you a Tear shall rob me of Revenge,

A Woman's Tear, a Lovers artful whine,

Or all the glorious Pride soft Pity brings,

Pity, and Love,

But did *Jove's* Consort ever yield to love,

Or Pity those who rob'd her of her *Jove*.

*Clel.* Since my intreaties cannot move your Breast,

Know I have something of the Hero too;

I scorn'd the Gems that now adorn thy Head,

Despis'd the Throne that props thy Dignity,

But more thy Lord, who tender'd me his Love:

Know I may live, if living were my Care,

And Rival all the Glories of thy Court;

But I am doom'd, by *Tarquin* doom'd to die,

And that's the easiest part my sentence bears,

My Honour! Oh, that strikes the deepest Wound,

My Honour with my Life is doom'd to fall,

And I defile your Bed.

*Tull.* Why begs thou then to live?

Nothing shall quench my fury but thy Blood,

Poyson or Sword, here quickly take thy choice,

Worthy thy self expire before my Eyes.

*Clel.* Quickly then give me both, with these

My tutelary Deities,

I'll brave the Invader of a spotless Maid,

*The Fall of Tarquin, &c.*

Yet if I may one Blessing more obtain,  
If I must die, be't in *Aronce's* Arms,  
I solemnly do Vow to end it there;  
But if the King comes unawares upon me,  
I'll tear my Soul out with this pointed Steel,  
Or drink this Draught to quench the Fire of Life.

*Tull.* Such resolution in your Mind appears,  
That tho' revenge denies your last request,  
Yet I will grant it, for in you I find  
A fainter Image of my perfect Mind;  
Die then, and die as *Tullia's* self would do. (Exit)

*Clel.* Hah! here my *Aronce's* comes, my better Life,  
How can I part with Love? A Love like his?

*Enter Aronces musing.*

*Aron.* *Tarquin* has sent, and faithless she will go,  
If she can blind her Love? Hah! is't not so?  
No, it can never be, she will be true,  
But since I may loose her Chains——

*Clel.* Musing, my Lord, what is't imploy's your Thoughts?

*Aron.* Your liberty, and now the Time draws near,  
Virtue is always in the care of Heaven,  
And yours is most transcendently Divine,  
Yours when oppress'd with num'rous Miseries  
Stoop'd to the weight, that like the yielding Palm,  
Thence you might shoot the higher into Glory.

*Clel.* Why are you cheated with a fancied Bliss?  
Have you seen *Tullia*? Speak quickly, no,  
Ah! Surely no, for that wou'd damp your Joy.

*Aron.* What Mystery is this your Words imploy?  
And is our Fortune quite beyond our hopes?

*Clel.* Yes, 'tis indeed, and infinitely too,  
We both must Joy, and yet we both must grieve,  
*Tullia* has sav'd me from the Tyrant's pow'r,  
These, the fierce *Tullia*, stung with Jealousy,  
Threat'ned to bury in my Breast. (Shows a Viol and a Dagger.)



## The Fall of Tarquin, &c.

And Oh ! how grateful was her ev'ry Word?  
But for the sake of one, one last farewell,  
I sooth'd her Rage, but promis'd with a Vow,  
To end me here in my Aronces's Arms.

*Aron.* How unconcern'd she seems to be at Death?  
Gods ! let me die ! for can I see her false  
And live ? No, 'tis too much to think her so,  
Tell me, but Oh ! I cannot hear thee say't,  
Did not the Tyrant fright thee from the Truth ?

*Clel.* Ah ! let me die ! Cease your unkindness now,  
When I am dead, I'll trouble you no more. *(faints..)*

*Aron.* Return, return all spotless to my Arms,  
'Tis I, Aronces, hear thy self in me,  
All Virtue, Truth and Goodness dwell in thee.

*Clel.* Still I must wander, miserable I, 'mongst  
Mournful Myrtles, trembling with their Sighs,  
And breath an Air of wretched Lovers Groans, *(faints..)*  
Ah ! he's here, and I again to shades.

*Aron.* Oh stay ! come back thou Miracle of Truth,  
Truth is Essential to thy Virgin Soul.

*Clel.* Still I return from Death to Life again,  
And still some broken sounds do reach my Ear,  
Truth too was nam'd, but that's no more for me,  
No, I am false, Aronces told me so,  
He told me so, I knew it not before,  
But he can tell the Secrets of my Soul.

*Aron.* Knew it not before, and does she know it now ?  
I never knew—

*Clel.* Oh ! Speak those Words, and let  
Me hear you speak, you never knew, and what  
Must follow next ? more you were saying.

*Aron.* Indeed I can't tell what, but you are true :  
She loves, she loves beyond the World and Life,  
Therefore let's live, and trust the Pow'rs above ;  
Why will you draw Aronces to his Fate ?

*Clel.* Just as a Ship between two rowling Waves,  
Whilst each defends its Hospitable Shore,

Each

Each wou'd receive the distress'd Mariners,  
Till both at last suck in the wearied Prize;  
So am I toss'd between the two Extreams  
Of Life and Death;  
Both seem my Friends, yet both are Enemies,  
Life, my *Aronces* asks, my Honour Death;  
Ah! which way, tell me? Which way shall I bend?  
How Life and Death divide my troubled Soul.

*Aron.* How can a Promise made against your self?  
Impos'd by one, who causeless fought your life,  
Can that oblige? Ah! surely Love says no.

*Clul.* But then the Tyrant, think my Love once more,  
Will not the Tyrant? ———

*Aron.* Where will you drive me? Where shall I retreat?  
The Tyrant, no, we are secure from him;  
The Wise all Opportunities improve,  
If we must die, yet now let's live and Love.

*Clul.* We'd better die, so press'd on ev'ry side,  
We ne'er can scape, but we at last must fall.

*Aron.* But Heav'n can save, shou'd all the World combine,  
The Heav'n that gave, can still preserve you mine. (*Exeunt.*)

### SCENE III.

*Tarquin and Tullia seated on a Throne, with Lords and Attendance, and many other People. Enter to them Titus and Brutus.*

*Tarq.* Welcome from *Phocis*, has the God been kind?  
Or in Ambiguous Terms declar'd *Rome's* Fate?  
Tell us how he receiv'd our Royal Off'ring?  
And what the Sacred Deity enjoy'd?

*Tit.* I found his Seat at *Delphos*, mighty Sir,  
Cut in steep Rocks surpassing Human Art,  
A sort of reverend Horror seiz'd my Heart;  
To see the Seat, your Majesty wou'd Swear,  
The Great *Apollo* did Inhabit there:

The:



*The Fall of Tarquin, &c.*

The Sacred Rites perform'd, the Priestess stood,  
 As one transported, when she felt the God,  
 Her Body swell'd, her ghastly Eyes did rowl,  
 With those Emotions that possess'd her Soul ;  
 Like a mad *Bacchanalian* first she danc'd,  
 Then to the Cave of *Pythium* she advanc'd,  
 Her Voice like Thunder made the Temple shake,  
*Phocis*, and all *Bæotia* too did quake ;  
 Behind the Altar I was bid to look,  
 And thence, Great Sir, this seal'd Scroll I took.

*Tarq.* Read you the Scroll that's from *Apollo* come,  
 Break up the Seals, and speak the Fate of *Rome*.

*Tit. (Reads.)* The Man by you despis'd and scorn'd,  
 Shall with fresh *Lawrels* be adorn'd,  
*Rome* shall her *Kingly Pow'r* resign,  
*Tarquin* expel, and all his *Line* :  
 And shall by *Consuls* govern'd be,  
 Who shall so raise Her *Dignity*,  
 That she the *World* shall keep in *Awe*,  
 And *Kings* shall to Her *Consuls* bow :  
 The Man despis'd and scorn'd is  
 He that his *Mother* first shall kiss,  
 He shall first *Consul* be to *Rule Rome's State*,  
*Apollo* spoke it, and has made it *Fate*.

*Brutus* pretending to stumble falls down and Kisses the Earth.  
 They all cry out a *Brutus*, a *Brutus*, &c.

*Tarq.* This strange new *Pow'r* that is to *Brutus* giv'n,  
 Is sure immediately the *Work of Heav'n*,  
 He but the *Peoples Jest* and *Scorn* before,  
 Is now the only *Idol* they adore : (*Shout a Brutus, a Brutus.*  
*Loud shouts* like *Peals of Thunder* strike my *Ear*,  
 The Name of *Brutus* ev'ry where I hear,  
 I fear my fall, from *Rome* in haste I fly,  
 But ye immortal *Gods* I once will try,  
 To quell these *Upstart Rebels*, or I'll die.  
 Then to my *Regal Power* again restor'd,  
 I'll *God-like* Reign, and be again ador'd,  
 And Teach the *frighted World* to know their *Lord*.  
 (*Exeunt Tarq. Tull. Tit. &c. Manet Brutus.*)

Enter

**The Fall of Tarquin, &c.**

**Enter Valerius, Horatius, &c.**

**Brut.** By Heav'n's it grieves my Soul to be Upbraided  
With a Thought so base, before these **Romans**.  
Solemnly I Swear, no base Ambition stir'd  
Up **Brutus**, no private ends invited him,  
To work this mighty Revolution;  
No, by the Gods! it was the Peoples cries,  
And the just Sence of **Rome's** lost Liberties,  
With all the Glorious Victims for its Cause.

**Val.** When Tyrants have usurp'd the Regal Pow'r,  
Nothing but endless slaughter can secure  
Their conscious Fears, and by their Wills they Reign.

**Brut.** Mean Souls are sway'd by Interest or Design,  
Virtue alone shall guide and govern mine.

**Hor.** Monarchs themselves will justify our Cause,  
All after Ages ring with our applause.

**Val.** And the great **Brutus** shall to late Posterity,  
Trace the Eternal Glories of his Name,  
His Countries Father and Deliverer.

**Brut.** I know base Souls envy a Kingly Pow'r,  
Grumble to see 'em Lord it o'er the World;  
But witness Heav'n! **Brutus** ever thought,  
Kings as the nearest Image of the Gods,  
Ought to resemble 'em in their Glories too;  
'Tis not the empty splendour of a Crown,  
Shou'd fasten our desires on Regal Pow'r,  
No, let that Man ascend a vacant Throne  
Who loves his Countries Interest, not his own.

**Val.** Therefore the People offer you th: Crown,  
For as by Merit, so by Right 'tis yours.

**Brut.** Direct me Heav'n's! What shall **Brutus** do?  
Ought **Brutus** then to wear the Tyrant's Crown?  
He who has wrested all his Glories from him;  
No, I'm my Countries Slave, her willing Son  
To fight her battles, and dispel her fears,



And when her Peace is settled, I'll resign  
My Pow'r, but ready still whene'er she calls.

*Val.* If then, you will not bear the weight alone,  
Where shall the People their Obedience pay?

*Brut.* Yearly shall *Rome* her Consuls choice renew,  
That vain Ambition may not swell their Minds,  
But humble Pride to advance their Country,  
Invite *Rome's* Leaders to accept that Pow'r,  
Which with the Senate they must wisely share,  
For Senates are the Oracles of State.

*Hor.* Then shall *Rome's* Armies her Dominion spread,  
Conquest attend 'em ever in the Field,  
Triumphs return 'em to their Countries Arms,  
All court our Smiles, and tremble at our Frowns,  
And suppliant Princes waiting at our Gates,  
Not dare to thwart our Senates just Decrees.

*Brut.* Unto our Senate, Monarchs shall address,  
Heroes bow there, and Conquerors sue for Peace :  
But say *Horatius*, how goes on the Siege ?  
How does *Herminius* bear the Toyls of War ?  
And is his Courage equal to his Cause ?

*Hor.* Fresh Troops pour in, and Storm the mighty Walls,  
But all in vain, our hopes now chiefly lye  
In the declining Numbers of their Men.

*Brut.* Let's send more force to urge their Courage on,  
The strongest Fortrefis is by Valour won. (*Exeunt Omnes.*)

## A C T V. S C E N E I.

*A Chamber of State, where Brutus is sitting at a Table musing.  
Enter to him Collatinus and Valerius.*

*Brut.* **D**O then my Sons prove Traitors to the State?  
Are they contriving our dear Countries ruin?  
Tell me no more of happiness below, No,

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No.



*The Fall of Tarquin, &c.*

No, Brutus, no, the Powers above forbid:  
If I have fallen against Patrician's Zeal,  
In this aversion from our Children's doom,  
I on my self will punish all the crime:  
But know I love my Country well as you,  
And gladly will endure what's worse than Death,  
To remove her fears, and ease her troubled Mind;  
Be you *Valerius* Consul in my stead,  
And I in Exile will wear out my Years,  
Exil'd from all my Country's Friends for ever,  
That Rome mayn't debase a *Tarquin* on the Throne.

*Brut.* How *Collatine*!

Since Rome's great happiness was gain'd by you,  
It is but just that you should share it too.

*Coll.* Brutus in vain are Arguments to me,  
I am resolv'd, and bow in thanks to Heav'n,  
That one of *Tarquin's*, *Tarquin's* cursed Race,  
Has serv'd his Country for such Noble ends;  
I hear the People murmur, and am griev'd,  
There's still the cry, a *Tarquin* on the Throne.

*Brut.* And will you leave 'em in suspicion? No,  
Clear all their doubts and let your Actions show,  
How they are wrought by fancy more than Truth.

*Coll.* This to a Man resolv'd is all vain,  
I know a thousand scruples will be rais'd,  
I the pretence:

No, *Romans*, here I solemnly do Swear,  
*Tarquin* shall never serve his ends by me.

*Brut.* Spoke like your self, a *Roman*, and *Rome's* Consul;  
Let me Embrace you Noble *Collatine*,  
Now wou'd I dissuade you if I cou'd,  
From such a glorious, God-like resolution.

*Coll.* Yes, yes, I know the murmur'ing People's fears,  
And did intend to lay the Consul by,  
And live retired in a rural Peace,  
But since Occasion points me out the Time,  
To give my Country Tokens of my Love,  
With willing Resolution I will do it.

*Brut.*

## The Fall of Tarquin

**Brut.** This is a Deed superlatively brave,  
*But Collatine,*  
 To make the Deed more gloriously appear,  
 In all the Peoples view resign your Pow'r.  
 Rome may be touch'd with her Ingratitude.

**Coll.** No, I never will upbraid my Country for't.  
*Brutus* farewell, farewell *Valerius*,  
 In Peace I'll go, and privately retire,  
 Rome too farewell, Prosperity to all.

**Val.** Farewel with all the Friendship and Esteem  
 That mutually shou'd dwell in Noble Minds,  
 Farewel, in this thy last Embrace farewell. *(Exit Coll.)*

**Brut.** He's gone, and shall this gen'rous Action shine  
 Before my Eyes? And shall I not proceed?  
 Yes, yes, I will, and now *Valerius*, you,  
 Worthy to bear this great important Charge,  
 Do you see Justice done upon my Sons.

**Val.** I without you, you are a Father still,  
 Nature must yield, you cannot hold out long.

**Brut.** They shall die, they shall expire before me,  
 I will forgive 'em, pity 'em in Death,  
 Excite their Courage Nobly to endure,  
 All that their Countries Justice calls for,  
 Call 'em my Sons,  
 Tell 'em their Souls purg'd by this Expiation,  
 In purer Flames shall mount the Starry Orbs.

**Val.** Gods! To what Transports will your Zeal inspire you?  
 What shall I say? You must be more than Man.

**Brut.** Thus must each Patriot lay the Father by,  
 Leap at his Fate, and for his Country die. *(Exeunt Omnes)*

## S C E N E II *An Antichamber.*

*Enter Amilcar and Celerus*

**Amil.** Aronces taken by the Tyrants Troops?

**Cel.** Yes, by surprize, for as he and I were  
 Breathing our wearied Spirits in the Air,



**The Fall of Tarquin, &c.**

An Ambush suddenly had hemm'd us in;  
*Aronces* fought, and I fought by his side,  
Till overpower'd with increasing Numbers,  
Come let us die, *Aronce* cry'd aloud,  
And ran with double might amidst their Troops,  
I follow'd Trac'd the Paths his Sword had made,  
But cou'd not reach the Hero in his Race;  
Sifted with Numbers thrice he wav'd his Sword,  
And loudly call'd, Oh! save thy self, I am lost,  
And straight was hurried from my sight.

*Amil.* Oh, what a Day of horro'r has this been?  
But I can tell you a more dreadful story:

You heard the Plot was found on *Brutus's* Sons,  
But cou'd you think he wou'd behold 'em die?  
I saw the Youths march bravely to their fate,  
And mount the scaffold with a fearless Joy,  
*Brutus* did weep, his Sons flow'd down in Tears,  
And tenderness did melt on every side;  
Then he disrob'd their Body to the Rods,  
And and bad the Lictors both advance, and lash  
Their tender sides:

Bear it my Sons, your Father bleeds in you,  
Father we bear it, do we shrink the strokes?  
Come Lictors let Axes now advance,  
Father farewell, farewell to cruel Rome,  
Pray call us but your own, in Death we bless you;  
Words cou'd no more, and Tears supply'd the rest,  
And thus, thus bravely dy'd the Consul's Sons.

*Cel.* Who but a Roman durst have been so brave?  
The World will stagger here in their belief,  
And future Ages with amazement read,  
Their wond'rous glorious Tragedy.

*Amil.* Just as 'twas done *Horatius* arriv'd,  
And brought the Army to the Roman Walls,  
*Clelius*, and other Exiles are return'd  
And the sad *Clelia* only mourns her fate,  
Since a report thro' all the Court is spread,  
That her *Aronce* fell upon the late.

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*Cel. Aronces slain? This moment I'll away,  
Search o'er the fatal Place to find my Friend. (Exeunt severally.*

**S C E N E III. Clelia's Apartment.**

*Enter Clelius and Clelia.*

*Clelius.* Can all your Tears recall him from the Urn?  
I came all joyful from my Exile hither,  
To find Rome freed, you fate, *Aronces* here,  
But Oh! such Blessings are too great for Mortals.

*Cel.* Gods! but restore *Aronces* to my Arms,  
And whelm me in the Tyrant's Pow'r again;  
No, no, I'll dye, and follow him in Death,  
Leave me, Oh Father! leave your dying Child,  
Or see me loosely fly in wild distractions:  
Hah! now I'm on the Wing, I see his Soul  
Flutter around me, fan me with his Air,  
More, more of this, and cool me with thy shade,  
Cool me to Death, hah! he's fled already,  
Why did he fly then, but for me to follow?  
Yes, stay, I come, why do you hold me Father?  
Ah! let me go then, see he's here again,  
Take, take me with you, bear me on your Wings,  
And I'll be Jove astride my flying Eagle,  
Why will he herce, do you know Father? Speak.

*Clelius.* Oh my Child!  
What strange Transports wrick thy troubled mind?

*Cel.* Yes, he's dead, and look you yonder Father,  
Hah! don't you see his Body gash'd with Wounds?  
See how he glares, Ah no! he smiles upon me,  
No, no, he's gone, and I must follow after.

*(Exit running.*

*Clelius.* Loaded with Sorrow, and with Grief oppress'd  
On every side in vain I seek for rest,  
What mighty Peace and Comfort Death wou'd bring?  
Is the sad Requiem I must daily Sing. *(Exit.*

*Enter*



**The Fall of Tarquin.**

*Enter Clelia.*

**Clel.** Do's he then live! and am I blest once more?  
Shall I then see him? Shall I call him mine?  
Ah! 'tis not so, still I'm wak'ned to my Miseries,  
No, no, he's dead, he lives no more to me;  
Where shall I find him when I'm below?  
Tell me, I'll trace the hollows of the Earth,  
And roam about in Nature's spacious Womb;  
No, he's not there, *Aronces* is not there;  
Then I'll ascend, and of the Gods Inquire;  
Glide thro' the vaulted Regions of the Air,  
That to the Gods my Soul I may restore.  
Here's the kind Pass-port, now my eager Soul *(Shows a Dagger.*  
Strains to get loose, and I will give it vent,  
And shoot from hence to Immortality.

*Enter Celeres.*

**Cel.** He lives, he lives, Griefs vanish, Cares away,  
*Aronces* is alive, this happy Day I saw him.

**Clel.** But am I not deceiv'd? and thou some shade  
Woud'st kindly lead me to my Love's Abode.

**Cel.** Why do you Dream? He is only Prisoner,  
And when the Consuls Forces gain the Capitol,  
He'll be restor'd to *Clelia's* Arms again.

**Clel.** Ah! *Celeres*, don't flatter me with hopes,  
I know he's Dead, I've seen his Ghost below,  
My self was there, and am just now return'd,  
Still I'm there, see, see the Myrtle Groves,  
See lonely Lovers melancholly walk.  
Pass unguarded by each other's Shade,  
See my *Aronces* fleets before my Eyes,  
Ah gentle Ghost! See he has sent his Friend,  
To point the Path that leads me to his Bower.

**Cel.** Wretched *Aronces*, never then approach,  
Near this Place, and meet not *Clelia* here,

*She*

She knows you not, and wishes you a shade;  
Will you believe me? Your *Aronces* lives,  
Or do you hope your fatal Fears are true? (*Aronces appears.*  
See, here he is, will you believe me now?

*Enter Clelius and Aronces.*

*Aron.* Come to my Arms Embrace thy dear *Aronces*.

*Clel.* Ye Gods! then does he live?

*Aron.* I live, I live.

*Clel.* Where have you been? from what World are you  
Ah! this is all Fancy, 'tis Delusion all, (come?

And seeming Objects swim before my Eyes,  
Where is he now? My Father's in his place.

*Aron.* No, it is I, your Father too is here,  
Why do you damp our Extasies of Joy?

Can you then love *Aronces*? surely no,  
He that would live, live ever in your sight.

*Clel.* Yes, he is ever, ever present there,  
I see him now, Oh, that he were alive!  
This is his Image, see, it dances round me,  
Yes, I will grieve, and lose my self in Tears,  
Sighs shall convey my Soul to his Abode.

*Aron.* Here's his Abode, and hither waft your Sighs;  
In vain I speak, for Grief sits Regent there,  
And all is Transport of extreamest woe,  
Whether will Grief and Desperation lead you?

*Clel.* Tell me, say quickly, is he with the Gods?  
Give a litt, and I'll Elbow *Jove*,  
Reason begone, and do not clog my Flight,  
For I will mount, and weep among the Gods.

*Aron.* No, see he's here, and darted from above,  
To live with *Clelia* on the Earth again:  
This, this is he, look well, you'll know him now,  
See you are circled in his longing Arms,  
Wipe the deceiving Vapours from your Eyes,  
And press his Hand, he is no fleeting shade.

*Clelius.* This is *Aronces*, see your Father too,  
Have you forgot us? Are we not the same?  
Recall your Reason, let your Passion fall.



**The Fall of Tarquin, &c.**

**Aron.** Let all be turn'd to Tenderness and Love,  
Look then, my *Clelia*, know thy own Aronces,  
Am not I he that ever was your self?

Where then is now that Sympathy of Soul?

**Clel.** 'Tis here, 'tis here, and you, and I are one,  
Yes, you are he, I well remember now.

**Aron.** Vanish then sorrow, shine forth Beams of Joy,  
*Jove* send *Apollo* with the tuneful Nine,  
That we may find some Harmony in Love:

Ah *Celeres*, till now I saw you not,  
Transports of Various Thoughts had fill'd my Breast,  
Then you escap'd to tell my captiv'd Love.

**Cel.** Throughout the Court your Death in rumours ran,  
And I adventur'd to seach out the Truth,  
Went to the Siege and saw you in the Sally,  
I wou'd not stay, but hither came with speed,  
To tell the happy New you were alive.

**Aron.** Yes, my kind Fortune pointed out the way,  
I in the Sally hew'd out my Escape,  
And hither came to meet my *Clelia's* Arms,  
And beg the last Conclusion of our Hopes.

**Clelius.** Thus then I give your *Clelia* to your Arms.

**Clel.** The Priest shall now confirm what you have done,  
*Clelius* and Heav'n agree to make us one.

**Aron.** 'Tis all the Gods could grant, or I cou'd wish,  
How shall I thank the Author of my Bliss?

Thus Virtue prov'd in Misery do's ride  
High on the Waves, or rowls along the Tide,  
Dash'd on the Rocks, the Winds and Ocean sport,  
Yet safe at last enjoys the happy Port.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*)

**SCENE IV. A Chamber of State.**

*Enter Brutus, Valerius and Horatius.*

**Brut.** Still Noble Romans. Rome is still unsafe,  
The furious *Tullia* still defends the Place,  
The wav'ring People variously do talk,  
And seem to stagger in their Resolutions. [*Shout.*]

*Val.*

*Val.* That Shout comes from the Capitol,  
Grant, grant, ye Gods ! That this last blow be sure.

*Enter Herminius with Tullia, &c. Prisoners.*

*Hor.* Here comes *Herminius*, Victor from the Siege,  
Leading the Captiv'd *Tullia* by his side,  
See how She awes with Majesty her Fate,  
Bears a disdainful fury in her Eyes,  
And swells with sullen Pride.

*Herm.* Thus Heav'n is just  
To our Victorious Arms, and show's success.

*Tull.* Which like the Clouds will vanish at the Sun,  
Villains and Traitors all, but if ye live  
To see to morrow's dawn ———

*Brut.* Else may Infernal Furies rage in *Rome*,  
And thou the greater Curse sit on the Throne.

*Tull.* Hah ! What means the Mad-man ? *Valerius*  
Take him away ———

*Val.* Mad-man ! that's a mistake,  
He'll prove the Scourge of all your Tyranny.

*Tull.* What ! Rebels all ? Have you betray'd me too ?

*Hor.* Revenge oppos'd to your Blood-thirsty rage,  
Brought me to *Rome*, and forc'd a Noble fraud.

*Brut.* Answer her not, 'tis more than she deserves :  
Since now the Gods have giv'n you to our Pow'r,  
Then Justice waits your Banishment at least.

*Tull.* Hah ! Oh Heav'ns ! Sure 'tis not come to this ?  
Dare then my Slaves presume ?

*Val.* Your Rage is vain, for we are Masters here.

*Brut.* Yet that Justice may have it's proper Course,  
We give you leave to make your best defence ;  
First we deny your Title to the Crown,

*Tull.* Tho' I disdain to answer yet proceed,  
For Noble Deeds deserve a Repetition.

*Brut.* Then your first Noble Deed was Parricide,  
You with your Tyrant Husband first were stain'd,

With



With a kind Brother's and a Sister's Blood,  
And then defil'd the Sacred Marriage Bed.

*Tull.* Such silly Baubles never shall divide  
Our gen'rous Souls, but Rebels go on.

*Brut.* Nothing but Empire next cou'd feast your Pride,  
And when by Law your damn'd Ambition fail'd,  
By Sword, by Seas of Blood you'd mount the Throne.  
Then your next Noble Deed was Regicide,  
Oh, Horror to relate! Did Nature sleep?  
Cou'd not the terrors of that direful Act?  
Cou'd not the Sacred Names of Father, King,  
His Age, or Virtue, fright you from the Deed?  
But you must dip your Hands in *Tullius* Blood,  
And then usurp his Throne?

*Tull.* Let Vulgar Souls  
Subjection know, but mine for Empire fram'd,  
Scorns the dull Paths which tame Succession treads.

*Brut.* Nor stop'd thy fury here, thou wert more Savage  
Than thy Tyrant Lord, thou hast exceeded all  
The blackest Rolls, that longest Time e're mourn'd;  
At this the dull Creation stood amaz'd,  
Startled with Secret Horror at the sight,  
Yet thou cou'dst see thy Aged Father's Corps,  
Gash'd o'er with Wounds, and all besmear'd with Blood,  
To vulgar Eyes most shamefully expos'd,  
And drove thy Charriot o'er his mangl'd Limbs,  
Pressing his wonded Body with the Wheels.

*Tull.* 'Twas bravely done, and worthy me alone,  
'Twas such a Deed as made the World to start,  
And trembling Nature shrink within it self,  
It was a Deed amaz'd the astonish'd Gods,  
With horror shook the Thund'rer's Thone,  
And made great *Jove* appal'd.

*Brut.* Next *Rome* in the  
Noblest of her Sons must Bleed, among whom  
Great *Marcus* fell, but here thou Fury, here  
Behold his Son, by Heav'n preserv'd to work  
A full, the' late Revenge.

*Tull.*

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*Tull.* The utmost of  
Your Treason I defie, it pleaseth me  
To hear a weak Cabal, declaring their  
Design ; and pray what next *Herminius*?

*Herm.* And I am as pleas'd to think that the  
Ambitious *Tullia*, who but th' other day,  
Threatn'd our Deaths, now owes to us her own.

*Brut.* *Romans!* behold the Justice of the Gods,  
See here our Fathers Murderer decreed  
By Heav'n, to suffer Vengeance from our Hands;  
*Lucrece's* Soul loudly for Vengeance to the  
Gods do's cry, on the Polluter *Sextus*,  
*Sextus*, th' Infernal Image of your self.

*Tull.* The God-like Image of his Parents Souls,  
The Noblest Rape great *Jove* can boast,  
Can scarce demand Comparison with his.

*Val.* The assembled Gods are waiting for revenge,  
But since our labouring Countries freed  
From the Oppression of your Tyranny,  
The Gods forbid that by our Hands you fall.

*Brut.* In that *Valerius*, I with you agree ;  
Ripe then in Murders, and all Wickedness,  
Your Offspring following your Example,  
*Rome's* Consuls, Senate, and the joyful People,  
Banish the Race of *Tarquin* from the Throne.

*Omnes.* We all consent. (*Shout.*)

*Hor.* The Army too consents.

*Tull.* The Army too, base Traitors ! I cou'd tear,  
And like a Whirlwind rend your very Souls ;  
Gods ! that I only talk when Words are vain,  
Why have I not the Pow'r to gorge Revenge?

*Brut.* You've heard your Sentence, instantly away,  
Go, and reflect on all your former crimes,  
Now will your Conscience lash you to remorse,  
Your bleeding Father's mangl'd shade shall come  
Attended by our headless Parents Ghosts.



## *The Fall of Tarquin, &c.*

*Tull.* Meer Phantoms all, I drew my safety from  
Your Fathers Veins, Oh ! had I reach'd the Sons !  
*Rome's* glorious Scepter still I had sway'd,  
But I disdain to stay and not Command,  
I scorn to pay Obedience to my Slaves.

*Brut.* *Horatius*, see her hence.

*Tull.* If all the Pow'rs  
Of the World combin'd, will prove sufficient  
To regain my Crown, I'll be reveng'd by  
Deluges of Deaths, since *Tarquin's* not in *Rome*,  
I scorn the Place, that wants his Majesty.  
Rage and Despair torment my troubled Breast,  
Strike home, ye Gods ! and I shall be at rest.

*(Exit in a rage with Horatius and Guards.)*

*Enter Clelius, Aronces and Clelia.*

*Brut.* In glorious Triumphs let us spend this Day,  
And praise the Gods for *Rome's* deliverance ;  
Welcome good *Clelia* to your Countries Joys,  
The brave *Aronces*, and your Daughter here ?

*Ham.* Yes, these are they ; we to *Aronces* owe  
This Day's rejoycing, his Sword secur'd the Place,  
Open'd the Gates, and let our Army in.

*Aron.* What I have done my safety did require,  
Honour, and Justice bound me to your Cause,  
And my own freedom did unsheath my Sword.

*Brut.* Then you, brave Youth, must in our Triumphs share,  
And ride a Victor on the Conquering Wheels ;  
How I admire the Wisdom of the Gods,  
Who have preserv'd these *Romans* all secure,  
From the devouring Jaws of bloody Tyranny.

*Enter Amilcar.*

*Amil.* *Tarquin*, at hand sends to demand his Crown,  
With all the Forces of the *Clusian* King.  
He comes, and threatens a sudden Siege to *Rome*.

*Aron.*

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*Aron.* Be that Fear hush'd, my self will stem the Flood,  
And bear my Father to his Kingdom back.

*Clel.* And I'll join with you in the gen'rous suit,  
*Porfenna,* will not fight a Tyrants Cause.

*Brut.* Then let our Triumphs joyfully proceed,  
Secure the Gates, be liberty the Word.

*Clelius.* Now shall the lost *Astrea* back return,  
And we no more their Tyranny shall mourn.

*Brut.* Sacred for ever let *Rome's* Consuls be.

*Val.* Sacred as Kings, Kings Heav'n's Vicegerents are,  
So are *Rome's* Consuls.

*Clelius.* Sacred let 'em be.

*Brut.* But when a Monarch by his Tyranny,  
Shall abuse his Heav'nly Original,  
Trampling on Justice, Law and Liberty,  
Then as a base Betrayer of his Trust,  
As Heav'ns, and Mankind's greatest Enemy,  
Disrob'd of all his Majesty he dies,  
Mercy and Justice all the Sanction bring,  
Tyrants the Sacred Title lose of King.

F I N I S .

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THE  
EPILOGUE.

Written by a Gentlewoman of York.

Spoken by Mrs. Pearson.

**W**ELL! the Tragedy is done, what shall I say  
In the Defence of Us, and of the Play?  
Shall I Address You Ladies, or You Beaux  
To save Us from Damnation? — The Lord knows.

Dam



THE DEAD LUCRETIA

And I say? It is not that we fear,  
A full House we've got — and, faith! that's all our care.  
But something I should say, that's mighty bright,  
To engage you better All, to-morrow Night.  
Well! if you'll come, we promise ye to show  
Such wondrous Things, as — faith! you've seen e'en now  
At Tryal of a Rape, I oft have seen,  
Such Flocks of Females crowding to get in,  
As if each She for Ravishment had been.  
They'd sit impatient for a smutty Word,  
And then, how fast the Fairer alarm'd the Crowd!  
They, who before had not one single Dart,  
(How Modestly, e'en feign'd, can strike the Heart!)  
In great confusion, in every part,  
Oh Ladies! had we such an Audience to please!  
We could give vast Diversion, with much ease.  
The Dead Lucretia, shou'd not Grace the Stage,  
But you shou'd see her in her Rage;  
How strike, and struggle, how she'd beat and beat,  
How Farquhar's self, shou'd manfully resist;  
How ye all. And then, how Beauty and young  
I would my self Lucretia's — I should love to see  
And All it when I'd done. I'd show ye how  
This Monster Ravisher shou'd be made to bow,  
I'd strike with all my Power, my every Art,  
And in the utmost fury of my Heart,  
I'd strain, and struggle hard — least he shou'd depart.  
But why do I (alas!) this chat pursue?  
Such stuff as this wou'd ruin us quite with you,  
Where Beauty with your Modesty is joyn'd,  
Our Art to strictest Rules must be confin'd.  
This Play, your Country-men, then pray be kind,  
And let a Native your good wishes find:  
Tis Born, and Educated here, and here faith you'd thrive,  
To-morrow only Grace it, and, with Joy, 'twill live.

W  
To save us from Damnation? — The Lord knows.  
Still I should love to see you all  
In the Theatre of the Lord's House  
H.I.L! the Theatre of the Lord's House  
Spoken by the Lord's House

